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BOSTON UNIVERSITY  
GRADUATE SCHOOL

Thesis

*Some*, FAMOUS WOMEN IN HYMNOLOGY

Submitted by

Naomi L. <sup>Lucretia</sup> Brong

(A.B., Ursinus College, 1927)

In partial fulfilment of require-  
ments for the degree of Master of Arts

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## I. INTRODUCTION

Hymns are mankind's most ancient, most beloved form of poetry. They may be characterized by depth of thought, and great beauty; ready to serve us in our joys and in our sorrows. One of the greatest tributes paid to hymn authors is that by Wordsworth, "They see into the soul of things."

Jeremiah Reeves, in his "Hymn as Literature" expresses most adequately my conception of the hymnbook. "It is a popular Outline of Life, a lyric handbook of philosophy, ethics, and spiritual beauty, giving to innumerable minds a satisfying answer to the question of the source, the nature and the end of all things. It asserts that the origin and support of all life is eternal God, infinitely knowing, just, and kind. It teaches a system of ethics, it asserts that man can know and ought to do, the will of God. The hymnbook teaches a system of aesthetics; it asserts that life finds its perfect bloom of beauty and its crown of happiness only in accord with the nature and will of God".

This thesis will be limited to women writers, and by far the greatest emphasis will be placed upon the hymn texts. It is very interesting to note the close relationship of our women hymnwriters to the clergy. Many of our most beloved were either wives or daughters of clergy. Mrs. Alexander was the wife of a clergyman, Charlotte Elliott was the granddaughter and the sister of clergymen, and Frances Ridley Havergal, a clergyman's



## 1. INTRODUCTION

Hymns are mankind's most ancient, most beloved form of poetry. They may be characterized by depth of thought and great beauty; ready to serve us in our joys and in our sorrows. One of the greatest writers of hymns in our time is that of the

world. They are the soul of things."

Jameson, however, in his hymn as a literary expression

that adequately conveys the concept of the hymnbook. "It is a hymnbook of life, a lyric handbook of philosophy, ethics, and spiritual beauty, giving to immortality a religious answer to the question of the source, the nature and the end of all things. It is a book of wisdom, truth, and kind. It teaches a system of ethics, it asserts that man can know God ought to do, the will of God. The hymnbook teaches a system of religion; it asserts that life is better than the beauty and the crown of happiness only in accord with the law and will of God."

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is very interesting to note the close relationship of our women

hymnists to the clergy. Many of our most beloved were either

wives of ministers of clergy. Mrs. Alexander was the wife of

a minister, Charlotte Elliott was the granddaughter and the

elder of a minister, and Frances G. Newhall, a minister's



daughter, also Anne Steele, Anne Barbould, Katherine Lee Bates, and others.

Not much stress is placed upon hymn tunes. Identification is often difficult, since a number of names are sometimes given the same tune, and greater is the difficulty to determine the original tune. However, such a study is helpful insofar as discovering composers hitherto unknown is concerned, disclosing associations, and thereby giving an added interest to the hymn text.

It is the purpose of this thesis to present the contributions of a number of the most famous women to hymnology. This is to be done by a study of their lives, when their lives are such as reveal a deeper meaning to their expression through hymns. It is further the purpose of this thesis to so correlate the biography of the author and Scripture foundations with the hymn, so as to form a source book for reference to be of assistance in the study and presentation of living hymns in the congregations of today; realizing that the first point of contact to be made with the average church is thru the life of the author, which serves to vitalize the hymn, and to give it new meaning unknown before. To assist in instant identification, with the author's most famous text, it is usually given in the beginning of the discussion, for added facility in using the material as reference. In some instances, the original hymn text is given and alterations made, in order to reveal the most profound original meaning the author hoped to portray. In other instances, the original text would not add to the appreciation, and thus the altered form only is given. In many



However, also some Steele, some Hamilton, some others, and others.

But much stress is placed upon hymn tunes. Identification is often difficult, since a number of names are sometimes given the same name, and repeated in the difficulty to determine the original name. However, such a study is helpful inasmuch as a disconcerting composer's initials unknown is recognized, thus giving associations, and thereby giving an added interest to the hymn text.

It is the purpose of this thesis to present the results of a number of the most famous women in hymnology. This is to be done by a study of their lives, when their lives are such as reveal a deeper meaning to their expression through hymns. It is further the purpose of this thesis to set forth the biography of the author and to present the hymns which she wrote, as well as a study of the hymns in which she is mentioned. The study and presentation of living hymns in the congregations of today, realizing that the first point of contact to be made with the average church is through the life of the author, which serves to vitalize the hymn, and to give it new meaning unknown before. To assist in instant identification with the author's most famous text, it is usually given in the beginning of the discussion, for added facility in using the material as reference. In some instances, the original hymn text is given and alterations made, in order to reveal the most profound original meaning the author hoped to portray. In other instances, the original text would not add to the appreciation, and thus the altered form only is given. In many



cases, the alterations made were because of theological differences, and to give the original would detract from the beauty of the hymn text.

Such a study however is quite impossible in considering the modern contributions, for they have not yet stood the test of time. In dealing with this phase of the plan, therefore, the contributions of women of modern religious verse will be dealt with in a more general way.



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And a study however is quite impossible in considering the modern contributions, for they have not yet reached the level of time. In dealing with the theme of the plan, therefore, the contribution of women of modern religious values will be dealt with in a more general way.



## II

## EARLIEST CONTRIBUTIONS

The first Christian hymn was the spontaneous utterance of the heart of a woman. It was the beautiful Magnificat, sung by Mary, the mother of Jesus, at the home of her cousin Elizabeth, at or near Hebron, in the hilly country of Judea.

The earliest metrical hymns contributed by a woman to our hymnody were of French origin, written by Madame Guyon. In Cowper's translation we find them in a large number of hymnals used in English speaking countries.

Madame Jeanne Marie Bouvier de La Mothe Guyon was born of wealthy parents at Montargis, France in 1648. She was a precocious child, and in her tender childhood she delighted in garbing herself as a nun. But before Jeanne was sixteen years old they espoused her to Jacques Guyon, twenty-two years her senior, and a man of great wealth. After twelve years of entanglements and great difficulty, she became a widow, and decided to make her life a gift to the poor, and cultivate that spiritual perfection called Quietism. She has been taken as the embodiment of that religious idea known as Quietism, she being the most famous devotee.

Her religion was that of Roman Catholic. Twelve years after entering widowhood she was confined in a convent in Paris, but was let free in a few months. Her zeal for religion of inward spirit seemed uncontrollable, and she was held for three years in the castle of Vincennes. In 1698 she was removed to the Bastille in Paris, where she lingered four years a solitary







prisoner in a dark dungeon.

On leaving the Bastille, Madame Guyon retired to Blois, where she lived with her daughter, the Marquise de Vaux. While still in full communion with the Catholic Church she continued with glowing enthusiasm the work of piety and charity to which she had devoted her time and means, and enjoyed to the full the sweet contentment of a religious life till her death in 1717.

She was a voluminous writer both in poetry and prose. The hymn best known and most frequently used is "The Soul That Loves God Finds Him Everywhere", originally with nine stanzas. Probably the most suitable form is the following:

"O Thou, by long experience tried,  
Near whom no grief can long abide,  
My Lord! how full of sweet content  
I pass my years of banishment!

All scenes alike engaging prove  
To souls impressed with sacred love!  
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee:  
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time,  
My country is in every clime;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none;  
But with a God to guide our way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not,  
That were indeed a dreadful lot;  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

Ah, then! to His embrace repair,  
My soul, thou art no stranger there;  
There love divine shall be thy guard,  
And peace and safety thy reward."

Another of her hymns which illustrates her peculiar mysticism and peaceful resignation is entitled, "The Love of God,





The End of Life". This has been revised by someone unknown.

"If life in sorrow must be spent,  
So be it, I am well content;  
And meekly wait my last remove,  
Desiring only trustful love.

No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfill  
In life, in death, Thy perfect will;  
No succor in my woes I want,  
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

Our days are numbered; let us spare  
Our anxious hearts a needless care;  
'Tis Thine to number out our days;  
'Tis ours to give them to Thy praise.

Love is our only business here--  
Love, simple, constant, and sincere;  
Oh! blessed days Thy servants see!  
Thus spent, O Lord! in pleasing Thee."

Her hymns though few in number will ever remain with us as a memorial of one of the most saintly lives in Christian womanhood.

A year before her death a child, Anne Steele, was born at Broughton, England, who was destined to become the most distinguished female writer of sacred song of the eighteenth century. Anne was the daughter of William Steele, a timber merchant and an unsalaried lay-pastor of the Broughton Baptist congregation for nearly sixty years. Miss Steele's poetic gift was noticed early in life, but she would not consent to publication of her hymns until she was forty four years of age. Her hymns number one hundred forty four. But her most beloved, and the one which has gained greatest popularity is:

"Father, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne, let this,  
My humble prayer arise." (1)

After a century and a quarter of service it still retains its charm and beauty.

---

1. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs from Hearts of Women", pp. 1-9

The End of Life. This has been revised by someone unknown.

"It is in sorrow that we speak,  
 So be it, I am well content,  
 And wearily wait for that remove,  
 Desiring only peaceful love.  
  
 No longer I'll weep, nor be full of  
 In life, in death, thy peace will  
 No longer in my soul I want,  
 But what my lot is chosen to grant.  
  
 Our days are numbered, let us spend  
 Our precious hours in peaceful end,  
 The time to come, not our own,  
 'Tis ours to give them to Thy hand.  
  
 Love is our only business here--  
 Love, simple, constant, and sincere;  
 Our highest duty, our only goal,  
 This, O Lord, is our final prayer."

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A year before her death a child, Anne Steele, was born at  
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 guished female writer of sacred song of the eighteenth century.  
 Anne was the daughter of William Steele, a farmer merchant and  
 an influential member of the Protestant Baptist congregation  
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 early in life, but she would not consent to publication of her  
 poems until she was forty four years of age. Her poems numbered  
 one hundred forty four. But not least beloved, and the one which  
 has gained greatest popularity is:

"Thou, O God, who art the Father,  
 Thy sovereign will be done,  
 Assembled at Thy throne, let this  
 Thy people pray with thee." (1)

After a century and a quarter of service to still remains its  
 charm and beauty.  
 1. Gail, "Anne Steele, Poems from Her Poems of Women", pp. 1-2



Among American women to make contributions to our hymnology, Abby Bradley Hyde was one of the earliest, 1799-1872. We know her by her one hymn she has given us, "Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray". She was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. In 1818 she was married to Rev. Lavius Hyde, a Congregational minister at Salisbury. Mrs. Hyde contributed fifty hymns, but in the past fifty years, so many changes have taken place in hymnology, that only two of them have been entered into our modern hymnals:

"And canst thou, Sinner, Slight"

"Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray" (1)

It is seen that the themes of these earliest contributions are quite removed from our present day inclinations in hymnology. We resent having hymns in our hymnals which are filled with the weird and gloomy subjects, dealing with Satan, the darkness of Death, sinners, strayed lambs, and the like. Instead, as we approach the more modern hymn subjects, we find the positive element, which appeals to the minds and hearts of the present day with far greater approval and satisfaction than did most of these earliest contributions.

---

1. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs From the Hearts of Women", p. 70.



known American women to make contributions to our field.  
Elizabeth Cady Stanton was one of the earliest, 1792-1875.  
We know her by her own words and her given name, "Pettie" Stanton.  
It is these ladies should study. She was born at Stockbridge,  
Massachusetts. In 1815 she was married to Rev. James Hyde, a  
Congregational minister at Stockbridge. Mrs. Hyde contributed  
little to the field of history, but in the past fifty years, so many changes have  
taken place in history, that only two of them have been entered  
into our modern history:

"And what then, friend, Eliza?"  
"Dear Elizabeth, if these ladies should study" (1)  
It is seen that the women of these earliest contributions  
are quite removed from our present day intellectualism in history.  
We cannot have a woman in our history who are filled with the  
world and history subjects, dealing with facts, the richness of  
facts, science, literary facts, and the like. Instead, as we ap-  
proach the more modern history subjects, we find the positive ele-  
ment, which appeals to the mind and heart of the present day  
with far greater interest and satisfaction than did most of  
these earliest contributions.

## III

## WOMEN IN BRITISH HYMNODY

1. Adams, Sarah. 1805-1848.

"Nearer my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!"

This beautiful hymn is the expression of a heart while passing through deep afflictions.

In 1820 a little family composed of Benjamin Flower, a widower, and his two daughters, the younger of whom was afterward to write this famous hymn "Nearer My God to Thee", came to Dalston, then a rural suburb of London. When a young man, Mr. Flower was unsuccessful in business speculations and he became traveling salesman on the continent. There he became an adherent of the French Republic and in 1792 he published a book on the French Constitution which was really an attack on that of England. He was selected to edit the Cambridge "Intelligencer", an influential weekly of radical principles. Accused of libeling the Bishop of Dandoff, whose political conduct he had censored, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Newgate with a fine of one hundred pounds. Here he was visited in person by Miss Eliza Gould, a lady who is said to have suffered for her own liberal principles, and shortly after his release he married her. They settled at Harlow, in Essex, where Mr. Flower became a printer, and where Mrs. Flower died in 1810.



## WYOMING IN WINTER HARMONY

I. Adams, 1893-1894.

"Hear ye, God is true,  
Hear ye, God is true,  
Even though it be a throne  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Hear ye, God is true,  
Hear ye, God is true,  
Hear ye, God is true,  
Hear ye, God is true."

This beautiful hymn is the expression of a heart which

passes through deep affliction.

In 1830 a little family composed of Benjamin Flower,

widow, and his two daughters, the youngest of whom was Eliza

and to which this hymn is due. "Hear ye, God is true," was

the first hymn of a series of hymns. When a young man,

Mr. Flower was unsuccessful in business speculations and he be-

came traveling salesman on the continent. There he became an

adherent of the French Republic and in 1835 he published a book

on the French Constitution which was widely read and which

of England. He was selected to edit the "Christianity" in Eng-

land, an influential society of radical principles. Account of

liberty and the rights of man, whose political conduct he was

connected, he was associated to the same, involvement in the

case with a fine of one hundred pounds. Now he was visited

in person by Miss Gould, a lady who is said to have en-

tered for her own liberal principles, and shortly after his

release he married her. They settled at Haverhill, in Essex, where

Mr. Flower passed a printer, and later on, he died in 1836.

These facts of their father's career help us to understand the atmosphere in which the motherless girls grew up.

Both girls inherited the feeble organism of their mother, who died when Sarah was five years old. Both were talented to an unusual degree. Eliza, the elder, was a skilful musician, with a remarkable gift for musical composition. Sarah, was also musical, and possessed a rich contralto voice, and sang in costume with appropriate dramatic action.

Sarah was born at the Harlow home on February 22, 1805. She had the dramatic instinct and from childhood cherished the ambition of adopting the stage as a profession. She idealized the stage as an ally of the pulpit, thought that the life of an actress should be as high and noble as the great thots and actions she was called upon to express. In 1829 her father died, and in 1834 she was married to John Brydges Adams, a civil engineer and an ingenious inventor in the early days of railroad building. Mr. Adams encouraged her dramatic ambition, and in 1837 she made her first public appearance at the Richmond Theatre as Lady Macbeth. But her health gave way under the strain of public performances, and she suffered a siege of illness at Bath which at once put an end to all hope of a dramatic career.

Mrs. Adams determined to devote herself to literary work, for she had in addition a considerable literary gift. She wrote much for the "Monthly Repository", but her most ambitious effort was "Vivia Perpetica": a dramatic poem, published in 1841. It tells the story of a young mother who suffered a martyr's death at Carthage in the year 203 for her



These traits of their father's nature help us to understand

the atmosphere in which the children grew up.

Both girls inherited the traits of their mother, who died when Sarah was five years old. Both were talented to an unusual degree. Eliza, the elder, was a brilliant musician, with a remarkable gift for vocal composition. Sarah, also musical, had possessed a rich contralto voice, and sang in costume with appropriate dramatic action.

Sarah was born at the Halls home on February 22, 1807. She had the artistic instincts and from childhood cherished the ambition of occupying the stage as a profession. She realized the stage as an ally of the rights, thinking that the life of an actress should be as high and noble as the great poets and orators who were called upon to express. In 1829 her father died, and in 1830 she was married to John Lyman Adams, a civil engineer and an ingenious inventor in the early days of railroad building. Mr. Adams encouraged her dramatic ambition, and in 1837 she made her first public appearance at the Richmond Theatre as Lady Macbeth. But her health gave way under the strain of public performances, and she suffered a kind of illness at each visit at home but she had to all hope of a dramatic career.

Mrs. Adams determined to devote herself to literary work, for she had in addition a considerable literary gift. She wrote much for the "Monthly Repository," but her best published effort was "The Republic," a dramatic poem, published in 1841. It tells the story of a young woman who sacrificed a martyr's death at Carthage in the year 263 for her

faith in Christ. There is but little doubt that her own moral earnestness and intense feelings are set forth in the character of Vivian. The poem is often eloquent, but as a drama not well constructed, and it has not taken permanent place in literature.

Mrs. Adams is described by her friend Mrs. Bridell Fox as tall and singularly beautiful, with noble and regular features, in manner gay and impulsive, her conversation full of sparkling wit and kindly humor.

Her hymns were the spontaneous expression of some strong impulse or feeling at the moment; she was essentially a creature of impulse. She usually wrote when she felt that the  
(1)  
spirit moved her.

Both sisters died while still in early life, Eliza in 1846 and Sarah in 1848. At Sarah's funeral one of her hymns was sung:

"When falls the shadow, cold in death  
I yet will sing with fearless breath,  
As comes to one in shade or sun,  
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done". (2)

"Nearer My God to Thee" is based on a familiar story, splendidly told in the Book of Genesis:--

"And Jacob went out from Beersheba and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillow, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven and behold the

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1. Bodine, Wm. Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", pp 201-205.
  2. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of the Hymn and Hymn Tunes", p. 152.



laid in the... There is but little doubt that the  
moral atmosphere and intense feelings are set forth in the  
character of Vivian. The poem is often elegant, but as a  
theme not well considered, and it has not taken permanent  
place in literature.

Mrs. Adams is described by her friend Mrs. Willard Fox  
as tall and slender, with a very beautiful, white complexion and regular  
features, in manner gay and impulsive, her conversation full of  
spirit and wit and kindly humor.

Her poems were the spontaneous expression of some strong  
impulse or feeling at the moment; she was essentially a poet  
of the moment. She rarely wrote when she felt that she  
ought to move her.

Both sisters also while still in early life, lived in  
1848 and died in 1848. At Sarah's funeral one of her poems

was read:

"When I lie in the shadow, cold in death,  
I see with meek and fearless face,  
As comes to one in shade of night,  
Father, thy will, not mine, be done." (2)

"Heavenly God is there is based on a familiar story,

splendidly told in the Book of Genesis:--

"And Jacob went out from Beersheba and went toward Haran.  
And he pitched upon a certain place and tarried there all night,  
because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that  
place and put them for his pillow, and lay down in that place  
to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the  
earth, and the top of it reached to heaven and beheld the

1. Bodine, Wm. "Some Poems and Prose Writings," pp. 151-152.  
2. Bryant and Johnson, "The Story of the Bible and the Bible  
p. 153.

angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth and thou shalt spread abroad to the east and to the west and to the north and to the south, and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed; And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.

"And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. And he was afraid and said, How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God and this is the gate of heaven. And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place "Bethel", that is, House of God, because there he had come nearer to his Father in heaven."

The hymn without any changes made in our hymnals is:

"Nearer, my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!



angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold,  
the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of the  
Hebrews thy father, and the God of Israel: the land wherein thou  
liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. And thy seed  
shall be as the dust of the earth: and thou shalt spread abroad  
to the west and to the east and to the north and to the south:  
and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth  
be blessed: and behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in  
all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into  
this land: for I will not leave thee, until I have done that  
which I have spoken to thee of.

"And Jacob awoke out of his sleep, and he said, Surely  
the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. And he was afraid  
and said, How dreadful is this place! This is none other but  
the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. And Jacob  
rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had  
put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil  
upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place "Bethel":  
that is, house of God, because there he had come nearer to God  
than in heaven."

The house without any change made in our language is:

"Heaven, my God to Thee,  
Heaven to Thee!  
When through all the cross  
Thou hast led me;  
Still all my heart shall be,  
Heaven, my God, to Thee,  
Heaven to Thee!"

There is in the language,  
The same good law,  
Darkness be over me,  
Yet I feel a stone;  
Yet in my breast I feel  
Heaven, my God, to Thee,  
Heaven to Thee!"

There let my way appear  
 Steps unto heaven;  
 All that Thou send'st to me  
 In mercy given;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

Or, if on joyful wing,  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upwards I fly,  
 Still all my song would be  
 Nearer my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee! (1)

This hymn is a curious illustration of the coloring which is given to a hymn by the antecedents of its author. In the case of Addison's "When All Thy Mercies, O My God", and many other hymns of a like kind, no attempt has ever been made to alter its distinctive character as a hymn to the Father above. With Mrs. Adams, being a Unitarian, the treatment is changed notwithstanding the redeeming lines

E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me

in the opening stanza. The following alterations and additions have been made to bring the hymn more in harmony with the views of the editors by whom it has been adopted:

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1. Bodine, William Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", pp. 205, 206.



There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou hast said to me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Hither, my God, to Thee,  
Hither to Thee!

Then, when my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise  
Out of my strength give  
Hither, I'll raise;  
So of my voice to be  
Hearer, my God, to Thee,  
Hearer to Thee!

O, it is joyful song,  
O'erjoyed the soul,  
O, more, and more forgot,  
I'll sing Thy  
Still all my heart would be  
Hearer, my God, to Thee,  
Hearer to Thee!

This hymn is a curious illustration of the coloring  
which is given to a hymn by the surroundings of its author. In  
the case of Addison's "Hymn All Thy Mercies, O My God," and  
many other hymns of a like kind, no attempt has ever been  
made to alter its distinctive character as a hymn to the Father  
alone. With Mrs. Adams, being a Unitarian, the treatment is  
changed notwithstanding the religious lines.  
Even though it is a cross  
That raised me  
In the opening stanza. The following alterations and addi-  
tions have been made to bring the hymn more in harmony with  
the views of the editors by whom it has been adapted:

I. Bodine, William Budd, "Some Hymns and Verses Written"  
By Mrs. Adams.

The first change with which we are acquainted was the addition of the following stanza:

Christ alone beareth me  
 Where Thou dost shine;  
 Joint heir He maketh me  
 Of the Divine;  
 In Christ my soul shall be,  
 Nearest, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearest to Thee!  
 (Rev. A. T. Russell.)

The second change and addition are:

Thou by Thy bitter cross  
 We raised be,

and the doxology:

Glory, O God, to Thee:  
 Glory to Thee.  
 Almighty Trinity  
 In Unity.  
 Glorious mystery,  
 Through all Eternity  
 Glory to Thee! (1)

Another change in the same direction is:

And when on joyful wing,  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Unto the Light of Lights  
 Upward I fly. (2)

In Kennedy, 1863, the following is substituted for stanza V.

And when my Lord again  
 Glorious shall come,  
 Mine be a dwelling place  
 In Thy bright home,  
 There evermore to be  
 Nearer to Thee, my God;  
 Nearer to Thee!

This same stanza is repeated in the "Hymns for the Church Catholic".  
 (3) In Bishop Bakersteth's note to this hymn

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1. Addition given in Skinner's, "Daily Service Hymnal".
  2. Dr. Monsell in his "Parish Hymnal"
  3. Bodine, William Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", pp 240-241.



The first change with which we are acquainted was the

addition of the following stanza:

Glory to God, to God,  
Glory to God, to God,  
Glory to God, to God,  
Glory to God, to God,  
Glory to God, to God,  
Glory to God, to God,  
(Rev. A. T. Russell.)

The second change and addition was:

Thus by thy bitter cross  
we raised thee

and the doxology:

Glory to God, to God,  
Glory to God,  
Almighty Father,  
in Jesus,  
Glory to God,  
Through all eternity  
Glory to God! (1)

Another change in the same direction is:

And when on joyful eve,  
Glory to God,  
And the hymn of praise  
Upward I say, (2)

In Kennedy, 1883, the following is suggested for

stanza V.

And when my life again  
Glory shall come,  
When he a twining grace  
In thy bright name,  
There evermore to be  
Honor to thee, my God,  
Honor to thee!

This same stanza is repeated in the "Hymns for the Church

Church Catholic". In Bishop Kintner's note to this hymn

1. Addition given in Kintner's "Daily Service Hymnal".

2. Dr. Russell in his "Psalms Hymnal".

3. Bishop William Allen, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", pp.

240-241.

in his annotated edition of the "Hymnal Companion" he says,  
 "The editor shrunk from appending a closing verse of his own  
 to a hymn as generally esteemed complete as this, or he would  
 have suggested the following:

There in my Father's home,  
 Safe and at rest,  
 There in my Saviour's love  
 Perfectly blest.  
 Age after age to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

In addition to these alterations and changes, it has been  
 entirely rewritten by Bishop How, as "Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
 Hear Thou Our Prayer". His rendering is as follows:

Nearer, O God to Thee!  
 Hear Thou our prayer;  
 E'en though a heavy cross  
 Fainting we bear,  
 Still all our prayer shall be  
 Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

. . . . .

If, when they lead the Lord,  
 We too are borne,  
 Planting our steps in His,  
 Weary and worn;  
 There even let us be  
 Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

If Thou the cup of pain  
 Givest us to drink,  
 Let not the trembling lip  
 From the draught shrink;  
 So by our woes to be  
 Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

Though the great battle rage  
 Hotly around,  
 Still where our Captain fights  
 Let us be found;



In his published edition of "The General's Song" he says:  
 "The editor should have been a closer reader of his own  
 to a hymn as General's, and should complete as this, or he would

have suggested the following:

There is my Father's home,  
 Safe and at rest,  
 There is my Father's love,  
 Ever ready to be  
 The Father and the Son,  
 Healer, my God, to thee,  
 Healer is there!

In addition to these alterations and changes, it has been  
 entirely rewritten by Bishop Dox, as appears, O God, so true,  
 Hear them our prayer. His rendering is as follows:

Healer, O God to thee,  
 Hear them our prayer;  
 When through a heavy cross  
 We follow thee,  
 Still all our prayer shall be  
 Healer, O God, to thee,  
 Healer is there!

It, when they feel the pain,  
 We too are there,  
 Flaming and strong in life,  
 Ready and warm;  
 Light ever let us be  
 Healer, O God, to thee,  
 Healer is there!

It then the cup of pain  
 Offer us to drink,  
 Let not the trembling lip  
 From the chalice shrink;  
 So by our word be  
 Healer, O God, to thee,  
 Healer is there.

Through the great battle zone  
 Holy ground,  
 Still there our Captain fights  
 Let us be found;

Through toils and strife to be  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

And when Thou, Lord, once more  
Glorious shall come,  
Oh, for a dwelling place  
In Thy bright home.  
Through all eternity  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee". (1)

We associate this hymn with the tragic death of President McKinley. His last words were "Nearer, My God, to Thee. E'en tho it be a cross has been my constant prayer". "On the day of his burial, September 19, 1901, all traffic stopped at 3:30 and for five minutes there was silence. People in the trolley cars rose, those in the streets bared their heads and stood, often joining in singing the words of the hymn. Has any other hymn ever received such popular recognition?" (2)

The single composition that would probably be named by more people, high and low, urbane and rustic, religious and non-religious, as the best hymn in the language, "Nearer, My God, to Thee", may be taken as a pattern for good hymn verse. As for life and spirit, not Bryon nor Shelley ever wrote more exultant lines than these:--

"Or, if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon and stars forgot  
Upwards I fly". (3)

This hymn is said to be one of the dozen great hymns standing foremost in the churches. Having been published first

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1. Bodine, Wm. Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers, p. 242
  2. Benson, L. F., "Studies of Familiar Hymns", p. 126
  3. Reeves, Jeremiah Bascom, "The Hymn As Literature", p. 45



Through faith and love to be  
 Healer, O God, be true,  
 Healer be true.  
 And when I am, Lord, once more  
 Glorious shall I be,  
 On the dwelling place  
 In Thy bright love,  
 Through all eternity.  
 Healer, O God, be true,  
 Healer be true. (1)

He associated this hymn with the tragic death of President  
 McKinley. His last words were "Healer, O God, be true. I'm  
 glad it is a cross has been my constant prayer." On the day of  
 his death, September 14, 1901, all twelve choirs at 3:30 and  
 for five minutes there was silence. People in the nearby cars  
 rose, those in the streets raised their hands and stood, often  
 joining in singing the words of the hymn. Has any other hymn  
 ever received such popular recognition? (2)

The single composition that would probably be named by  
 more people, high and low, urban and rustic, religious and  
 non-religious, as the best hymn in the language, "Healer, O  
 God, be true," may be taken as a pattern for good hymn writing.  
 As for its end result, not only has it been ever since  
 written since then:--

"Oh, it is joyful singing,  
 Leaving the way,  
 God, soon and late forget  
 Upward I fly." (3)

This hymn is said to be one of the best great hymns  
 standing foremost in the churches. Having been published first

1. Bodine, W. H., "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers," p. 241
2. Bodine, W. H., "Studies of Religious Hymns," p. 125
3. Reeves, "German Hymns," "The Hymn as Literature," p. 45

in England in 1841, James Freeman Clarke brought it across the ocean for use in his Church in Boston in 1844. Samuel Longfellow gave it a place in his Book of Hymns in 1846. Henry Ward Beecher put it in his "Plymouth Collection" in 1855. A year thereafter, Lowell Mason wrote for it his tune "Bethany" and that swept it onward. Since then its use has become general and it is known and sung by every Christian denomination. <sup>(1)</sup>

"Critics have sometimes objected to Mrs. Adams' hymn on the ground that it makes no reference to Christ. But the 'cross that raiseth' suggests the Crucified Redeemer, and the 'steps unto heaven' remind one of our Savior's application of Jacob's ladder to Himself. (St. John 1:51) This hymn should be studied with the Bible open at Genesis 28: 10-22." <sup>(2)</sup>

Today all Christendom must pay homage in its great love for this immortal hymn, "Nearer My God, to Thee".

The other famous hymn of Sarah Adams written in 1841 is a hymn on "Resignation", reflecting her spiritual mindedness during her severe illness.

"He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,  
Alike they're needful for the flower;  
And joys and tears alike are sent  
To give the soul fit nourishment.  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done."

## 2. Alexander, Mrs. (1848-1895) (Irish Anglican)

Her best known poem is her magnificent picture of the burial of Moses, but her words oftenest sung are:

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1. Bodine, Wm. Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers, p. 201
  2. Jones, James Edmund, "Annotations on the Book of Common Praise", pp. 542-543.



in England in 1861, James Freeman Clarke brought it across the ocean for use in his Church in Boston in 1864. Samuel Long-  
 fellow gave it a place in his Book of Hymns in 1865. Henry  
 Ward Beecher put it in his "Plymouth Collection" in 1877. A  
 year thereafter, Lowell Benson wrote for it his tune "Benedict"  
 and that swept it across. Since then it has become pop-  
 ular and it is known and sung by every Christian denomination.

Critics have sometimes objected to Mrs. Adams' hymn on  
 the ground that it makes no reference to Christ. But the  
 words that follow suggest the Christian Redeemer, and the  
 words also have a meaning of our Savior's application of  
 Jacob's ladder to himself. (See John 1:51) This hymn should  
 be studied with the Bible open at Genesis 28:10-12.  
 Truly all Christians must pay homage in the great love  
 for this immortal hymn, "Hymns By God, to Thee."  
 The other famous hymn of Sarah Adams written in 1841 is  
 a hymn on "Resurrection," reflecting her spiritual ministrations  
 during her severe illness.

"He sends us, He sends us,  
 Alas! they're needed for the flower,  
 And joy and tears alike are sent  
 To give the soul its complement.  
 As comes to me or cloud or rain,  
 To what, Thy will, not mine, be done."

Alexander, Mrs. (1848-1892) (Irish Anglican)

Her best known poem is her magnificent picture of the sur-  
 fer of Jesus, but her words of deepest song are:

1. Bodine, Mrs. Edith, "Good Hymns and Hymn Writers," p. 251.  
 2. James, James Edmund, "Annotations on the Book of Common  
 Prayer," pp. 242-243.

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult,  
 Of our life's wild, restless sea,  
 Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
 Saying, "Christian, follow Me".

As of old, Saint Andrew heard it  
 By the Galilean lake,  
 Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,  
 Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship  
 Of the vain world's golden store;  
 From each idol that would keep us,  
 Saying, "Christian, love Me more".

In our joys and in our sorrows,  
 Days of toil, and hours of ease,  
 Still He calls in carés and pleasures,  
 "That we love Him more than these".

Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,  
 Saviour, make us hear Thy call,  
 Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
 Serve and love Thee best of all.

The reason why her hymn for St. Andrew's Day has become so much more familiar than any other one of her hymns is that it has been adopted as the hymn of our St. Andrew's Brotherhood.

Mrs. Alexander was born at Strabone, Ireland, in 1823. In 1850 she became the wife of a very gifted man who was first Bishop of Derry and Raphae, and afterwards Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland. Happily, a volume of her poems has been printed with a brief biographical sketch from her distinguished husband. We have it in abbreviated form:

"Cecil Frances Humphreys was the daughter of Major John Humphreys, a Norfolk man by birth who served with distinction in the Royal Marines, and was present at the Battle of Copenhagen. He used to tell with pride how he had seen Nelson move



Jesus calls out over the temple  
 Of her it is the temple  
 For by his blood you are sanctified  
 Saying, "Christians, follow me."

As of old, Jesus and his disciples  
 By the Jordan River,  
 Turned from home, and left, and ministered  
 Leaving all for his dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the world  
 Of the vain world's golden ways;  
 From each idol that would lead us  
 Saying, "Christians, love me more."

Is not love and in our hearts  
 Love of self, and love of man,  
 Still he calls in songs and messages  
 "That we love him more than all."

Jesus calls us by his word  
 Saying, "Come to me, all ye that are weary,  
 Give me hearts to love and obey,  
 Give me love to love him best of all."

The reason why we have for St. Andrew's Day has become

so much more familiar than any other one of our hymns is that

it has been adopted as the hymn of our St. Andrew's Brother-

hood.

Mrs. Alexander was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1843.

In 1860 she became the wife of a very gifted man who was later

Bishop of Perth and Glasgow, and afterwards Archbishop of Norway.

and friend of all Iceland. Her gift, a volume of her poems

has been printed with a brief biographical sketch from her dis-

tinguished husband. We have it in abbreviated form:

"Gaelic Poems" was the daughter of Major John

Hampshire, a Scottish man by birth who served with distinction

in the Royal Marines, and was present at the Battle of Copenhagen.

He used to tell with pride how he had seen Nelson move

into action and heard him cry to Captain Inman as he passed by, 'Well done, Harry!'. While living at Ballykean, in the county Wicklow, a tender attachment sprang up between the Ladies Howard, daughters of the Earl of Wicklow, and Fanny and her sister. Lady Harriet, a girl of charm and talent, became a sister of the heart of Fanny, afterwards Mrs. Alexander. Both these gifted natures came early under the influence of the Oxford Movement and felt constrained to spread the light that was in them. They conceived the idea of writing tracts, the prose part of which was to be contributed by Lady Harriet, whilst Fanny was to illustrate the themes with the tender and tinted pencil of poetry. In 1850 Cecil Frances Humphreys was married to William Alexander then Rector of Tyrone. The parish with which they had to deal was a wild one, with a church population of some 1,5000 people, scattered over bogs and mountains for many miles. The church was poor and mean for the great Church movement was a distant portent which had scarcely touched Ireland. In her own words;

Looking down the mountain bare,  
We saw the white Church by the river,  
And we could hear, when winds were fair,  
O'er the low porch the one bell quiver".

Her elastic step brushed the heath in all weathers, and not seldom she walked several miles to meet her husband returning from some distant tramp.

In 1855 they moved to the beautiful parish of upper Fahan, upon the shores of Lough Lully. The scenery just suited her taste and physical capacities.

In 1867 came her husband's call to the Bishopric of Derry and Raphae. Here she was brot into contact with new duties and



late action and heart his cry to Captain Lincoln as he passed by.  
 'Will Jones, Harry!'. While living in California, in the country  
 station, a tender attachment sprang up between the latter and  
 daughter of the Earl of Arden, and Harry and her sister, Lady  
 Harriet, a girl of charm and talent, became a sister of the heart  
 of Harry. Afterwards Mr. Alexander, both these gifted natures  
 came early under the influence of the Reform Movement and felt  
 constrained to spread the light that was in them. They were  
 the lack of religious training, and those parts of which was to be  
 controlled by Lady Harriet, whilst Harry was to illustrate the  
 themes with the tender and suited pen of poetry. In 1850  
 Cecil Thomas (Harriet's) was married to William Alexander then  
 Master of Lyones. The parties with which they had to deal was  
 a wild one, with a large population of some 1,200 people, and  
 lived over some 100 mountains for many miles. The station was  
 poor and used for the great Church movement was a distant port  
 which had scarcely touched Ireland. In her own words:

Looking down the mountain side  
 we saw the white Church by the river,  
 and we would have been glad to see  
 that the law gave the one call driver.

Her electric step brushed the health in all weather, and  
 not seldom she sailed several miles to meet her husband return-  
 ing from some distant trip.  
 In 1855 they moved to the beautiful parish of Upper Lifford,  
 upon the shores of Lough Lifford. The scenery just missed out  
 waste and physical capabilities.  
 In 1867 came her husband's call to the Bishopric of Down  
 and Raphoe. Here she was first into contact with new duties and

different minds. The political crusade against the Irish Church Establishment occupied their thots very much from 1867 to 1869. She performed all the duties of hospitality and reception with ease and natural dignity which made her a first rate hostess. Particularly did she delight in the society of Dean Stanley, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Lecky. Her life was always one of duty. She occupied herself with the Home for Fallen Women to which she gave a tender and constant watchfulness.

Many of her noblest hymns were written for one particular occasion, used once only, and perhaps never thought of again by her. Many lovely poems were written to please a friend or soothe a sorrower. Her letters contain few expressions of religious emotion, beyond hints full of significance to those who knew her intimately.

She was a Churchwoman thru and thru, reading Scripture, and repeating the Psalms daily according to the Church's use, and attending daily service until health and strength began to fail; then going over it partly in private, partly with her family. Up to her last illness she was a weekly Communicant. If ever there had been anything hard or rigid in her religion it softened as years went on, as her life brot her much into contact with pious nonconformists, especially Presbyterians, -- "Dear, good people!", she would say, "how kind they are to me, how ready to give for Christ's sake. I do like them." As is told of the death of Italian saints--suddenly, quietly, noiselessly, from house to house, from heart to heart, the announcement spreads-- 'She will be buried today, the beloved of the



different minds. The political machine against the Irish  
Church establishment occupied their whole mind from 1860  
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emotion, beyond all of eloquence to which she knew her  
capabilities.

She was a Christian woman from the first, reading Scripture  
and repeating the Lord's Prayer daily according to the Church's use,  
and attending daily services until health and strength began to  
fail; then going over to service in private, partly with her  
family. Up to her last illness she was a weekly Communicant.  
If ever there had been anything dark or evil in her religion  
it softened as years went on, as her life grew more and more  
contact with high moral influences, especially Presbyterianism.  
"Dear, good people," she would say, "how kind they are to me,  
how ready to give for Christ's sake. I do like them." As in  
the old of the death of William Wordsworth, "dearly, dearly,  
dearly, those hours so long, those hours so long, the minutes  
most precious." She will be buried today, the beloved of the

poor.' The last words of hope were spoken over her by the voice she loved best.

Her stirring hymn, "Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult" is undoubtedly her most popular. Other hymns are:

He is risen, He is risen.  
The Eternal Gates Lift Up Their Heads  
There is One Way, and Only One  
For All Thy Saints, a Noble Throng  
Souls in Heathen Darkness Lying  
The Roseate Hues of Early Dawn  
Once in Royal David's City  
Saw You Ever, in The Twilight  
There is a Green Hill Far Away  
O Lord, the Holy Innocents. (1)

"There Is a Green Hill" is poetic license, but the hymn is sweet and sympathetic and almost childlike in simplicity.

"There is a green hill far away  
Without the city wall,  
Where our dear Lord was crucified  
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell  
What pains He had to bear;  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.

Mrs. Alexander felt that if the Catholic principles of the Oxford Movement were to prevail, a beginning must be

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1. Bodine, Wm. Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", pp 206-212



poet. The last words of those who speak over her is

to the loved dead.

Her spirit is free, "I know, I know, she is free" is

undoubtedly her most precious. Other hymns are:

He is risen, he is risen,  
The angels have lifted up their heads  
There is one who, and only one  
For all the world, a noble throne  
He is risen, he is risen, he is risen,  
The angels have lifted up their heads  
There is one who, and only one  
For all the world, a noble throne  
He is risen, he is risen, he is risen,  
The angels have lifted up their heads  
There is one who, and only one  
For all the world, a noble throne

"There is a Green Hill" is possibly the most beautiful, and the hymn

is sweet and sympathetic and almost childlike in simplicity.

"There is a Green Hill far away  
Without the city walls,  
Where our dear Lord was crucified,  
And died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell  
What he has done for us;  
But we believe it was for us  
He came and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Blessed by the precious blood.

There are no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gates  
Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His precious blood,  
And try his works to do.

Mrs. Alexander felt that it is the Catholic's obligation

of the Oxford Movement were so general, a beginning must be

made by instilling "sound Church principles" into the children. A first step was to provide them with attractive hymns setting forth those principles. She wrote some and tried them on her Sunday School class. There is a green hill far away was one of the Apostles' Creed group set beneath the article Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried.

"It is a child's hymn, picturesque because a child takes in a picture more readily than a thought. It endeavors to state doctrine from a child's point of view. Its whole beauty lies in its simplicity."<sup>(1)</sup>

"The hymn had the honor of being set to music as a solo, by Charles Francois Gounod, who is said to have remarked that the words themselves were so musical that they hardly needed any setting."<sup>(2)</sup>

Her works number over three hundred hymns and her "Hymns for Little Children" was especially successful. This included her popular hymn "There is a Green Hill Far Away".

Some of her hymns with Scripture correlation are: Luke 23:33-When they were come to a place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him.

Beyond the holy city wall  
They set the cruel Cross on high,  
While the dear Lord, who saved us all,  
Did hang in pain and bleed, and die. (3)

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1. Benson, L. F. "Studies of Familiar Hymns" Series II, p. 226
  2. Benson, L. F., op. cit., p. 231
  3. Jones, James Edmund, "Annotations on the Book of Common Praise", p. 125



made by installing a new Church organ, into the children  
a first step was to provide them with attractive hymn books  
from those of the same. The whole was and fitted them on their  
hymn books. There is a great deal for every one  
of the Apostles, Great Group and several other children  
under French titles, and translated, into and French.

It is a child's right, to be taught to read a child's book  
in a simple and easily understood manner. It is necessary to  
make lessons from a child's point of view. The whole of the  
life is the simplicity.

The first and the last of being out to work as a child  
by Charles Francis Gounod, was in order to have translated into  
the words themselves with an interest that they hardly needed  
any more.

Her work was not over three hundred hymns and one hymn  
for little children, was especially successful. This included  
her popular hymn. There is a great deal for every one.  
Some of her hymns with religious consolation are: Hymn  
18:11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2218-2219-2220-2221-2222-2223-2224-2225-2226-2227-2228-2229-2230-2231-2232-2233-2234-2235-2236-2237-2238-2239-2240-2241-2242-2243-2244-2245-2246-2247-2248-2249-2250-2251-2252-2253-2254-2255-2256-2257-2258-2259-2260-2261-2262-2263-2264-2265-2266-2267-2268-2269-2270-2271-2272-2273-2274-2275-2276-2277-2278-2279-2280-2281-2282-2283-2284-2285-2286-2287-2288-2289-2290-2291-2292-2293-2294-2295-2296-2297-2298-2299-2300-2301-2302-2303-2304-2305-2306-2307-2308-2309-2310-2311-2312-2313-2314-2315-2316-2317-2318-2319-2320-2321-2322-2323-2324-2325-2326-2327-2328-2329-2330-2331-2332-2333-2334-2335-2336-2337-2338-2339-2340-2341-2342-2343-2344-2345-2346-2347-2348-2349-2350-2351-2352-2353-2354-2355-2356-2357-2358-2359-2360-2361-2362-2363-2364-2365-2366-2367-2368-2369-2370-2371-2372-2373-2374-2375-2376-2377-2378-2379-2380-2381-2382-2383-2384-2385-2386-2387-2388-2389-2390-2391-2392-2393-2394-2395-2396-2397-2398-2399-2400-2401-2402-2403-2404-2405-2406-2407-2408-2409-2410-2411-2412-2413-2414-2415-2416-2417-2418-2419-2420-2421-2422-2423-2424-2425-2426-2427-2428-2429-2430-2431-2432-2433-2434-2435-2436-2437-2438-2439-2440-2441-2442-2443-2444-2445-2446-2447-2448-2449-2450-2451-2452-2453-2454-2455-2456-2457-2458-2459-2460-2461-2462-2463-2464-2465-2466-2467-2468-2469-2470-2471-2472-2473-2474-2475-2476-2477-2478-2479-2480-2481-2482-2483-2484-2485-2486-2487-2488-2489-2490-2491-2492-2493-2494-2495-2496-2497-2498-2499-2500-2501-2502-2503-2504-2505-2506-2507-2508-2509-2510-2511-2512-2513-2514-2515-2516-2517-2518-2519-2520-2521-2522-2523-2524-2525-2526-2527-2528-2529-2530-2531-2532-2533-2534-2535-2536-2537-2538-2539-2540-2541-2542-2543-2544-2545-2546-2547-2548-2549-2550-2551-2552-2553-2554-2555-2556-2557-2558-2559-2560-2561-2562-2563-2564-2565-2566-2567-2568-2569-2570-2571-2572-2573-2574-2575-2576-2577-2578-2579-2580-2581-2582-2583-2584-2585-2586-2587-2588-2589-2590-2591-2592-2593-2594-2595-2596-2597-2598-2599-2600-2601-2602-2603-2604-2605-2606-2607-2608-2609-2610-2611-2612-2613-2614-2615-2616-2617-2618-2619-2620-2621-2622-2623-26

John 1:40. "One of the two which ... followed Him was Andrew".

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild restless sea  
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, 'Christian follow Me'. (1)

Romans 5:8 "While we were yet sinners, He died for us".

There is a green hill far away,  
Outside a city wall  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all. (2)

Ecclesiastes 3:11. "He hath made everything beautiful".

All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful  
The Lord God made them all. (3)

Isaiah 33:17--"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off.

Every morning the red sun  
Rises warm and bright;  
But the evening cometh  
And the dark, cold night.  
There's a bright land far away,  
Where 'tis never-ending day. (4)

Luke 2:43--The child Jesus.

Once in royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle shed  
Where a mother laid her baby  
In a manger for His bed;  
Mary was that mother mild  
Jesus Christ her little child. (5)

Luke 16:10--"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much".

We are but little children weak,  
Nor born in any high estate;  
What can we do for Jesus' sake  
Who is so high and good and great? (6)

Isaiah 1:16-17 "Cease to do evil; learn to do well.

1. Jones, James Edmund, "Annotations on the Book of Common Praise,"  
p. 201

2. Ibid, p. 616

3. Ibid, p. 662

4. Ibid, p. 668

5. Ibid, p. 681

6. Ibid, p. 689



John 1:17. "For the two which ... followed him was Andrew."

Jesus calls him; of the family  
of one little with Andrew and  
his brother Simon, who followed  
him. (1)

Matthew 2:8. "While he was yet absent, he died for us."

There is a person who for us  
died a very long time  
ago. The Lord Jesus Christ.  
Who died to save us all. (2)

Matthew 2:11. "The child made everything beautiful."

All things which are beautiful  
in the world are made  
by the child Jesus Christ.  
The Lord God made them all. (3)

John 1:17. "For the two which ... followed him was Andrew."  
John 1:17. "For the two which ... followed him was Andrew."

There is a person who for us  
died a very long time  
ago. The Lord Jesus Christ.  
Who died to save us all. (4)

John 1:17. "For the two which ... followed him was Andrew."

There is a person who for us  
died a very long time  
ago. The Lord Jesus Christ.  
Who died to save us all. (5)

John 1:17. "For the two which ... followed him was Andrew."  
John 1:17. "For the two which ... followed him was Andrew."

There is a person who for us  
died a very long time  
ago. The Lord Jesus Christ.  
Who died to save us all. (6)

John 1:17. "For the two which ... followed him was Andrew."

John 1:17. "For the two which ... followed him was Andrew."

- 1. John 1:17
- 2. John 1:17
- 3. John 1:17
- 4. John 1:17
- 5. John 1:17
- 6. John 1:17

Do no sinful action,  
 Speak no angry word;  
 Ye belong to Jesus,  
 Children of the Lord. (1)

Those who knew Mrs. Alexander think highly of her beautiful hymns, but declare that her life was still more beautiful.  
 (2)

3. Auber, Harriet 1773-1862 (English Anglican)

John 16:7. If I go not away, the comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.

"Our blest Redeemer, e're He breathed  
 His tender, last farewell,  
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
 With us to dwell."

"The story is told that the spirit of the lines so deeply impressed Miss Auber that she wrote them in full with a diamond on a pane of glass in one of the windows of her house at Hoddesdon".  
 (3)

Another of her hymns, noted for its simplicity and grandeur, and founded on the 19th psalm is:

"Ere mountains reared their forms sublime,  
 Or the fair earth in order stood,  
 Before the birth of ancient time,  
 From everlasting Thou art God".

From "The Spirit of the Psalms" comes the hymn called "Epiphany"; good poetry and uplifting influence:

"Bright was the guiding star that led,  
 With mild, benignant ray,  
 The Gentiles to the lowly bed  
 Where our Redeemer lay."

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1. Jones, James Edmund, "Annotations on the Book of Common Praise", p. 694.
  2. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs from the Hearts of Women", p. 157
  3. Ibid, p. 28.



To the final article  
of the series  
on the subject of  
the history of the  
Church of the East.

Those who have read Alexander's history of the  
Church of the East, but desire to know more  
of its history, will find it well worth  
reading.

J. N. P. (English edition)

John 10:17. If I do not away, the comforter will not  
come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto  
you.

"Our great Redeemer, who has promised  
his comfort, has departed,  
and the comforter, who has  
promised to come, has not yet  
come."

The story is told that the spirit of the lines so deeply  
impressed upon those who wrote them that in full with a thousand  
on a page of lines in one of the windows of the house of the  
deceased.

Letter of the spirit, noted for its simplicity and grandeur  
and founded on the fact that:

"The comforter, who has promised  
his comfort, has departed,  
and the comforter, who has  
promised to come, has not yet  
come."

The spirit of the comforter, who has promised  
his comfort, has departed,  
and the comforter, who has  
promised to come, has not yet  
come."

1. Jones, James, "The Spirit of the Comforter,"  
p. 104.  
2. Jones, James, "The Spirit of the Comforter,"  
p. 104.  
3. Jones, James, "The Spirit of the Comforter,"  
p. 104.

Of the twenty five or more hymns which came from her pen,  
(1)  
about ten or fifteen are in use in the United States.

Miss Auber was a daughter of James Auber of London. She was born there October 4, 1773. After leaving London, she lived a life of seclusion at Broxtourne and Hoddesdon in Hertfordshire, writing devotional poetry and sacred songs and paraphrases.

"Hasten Lord" is from Psalm 72 known for centuries to Christendom as one of the Messianic Psalms.

Miss Auber lived to witness and sympathize with the pioneer missionary enterprise of the 19th century. Her contribution was a campaign hymn.

(2)  
She died in Hoddesdon, January 20, 1862.

4. Barbauld, Anna Laetitia. 1743-1825 (English Umbarian)

Habakkuk 3:18. I will joy in the God of my Salvation

"Praise to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ".

Tune--Monkland and Harts.

Miss Barbauld is known best by her lines on 'Life' written after 70, which have commanded universal praise.

Life! we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,  
'Tis hard to part, when friends are dear--  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;--  
Then steal away; give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not Good night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me Good Morning. (3)

Wordsworth was heard to say, "I wish I had written those lines".

1. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs from the Hearts of Women", pp 28-30.
2. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of the Hymn and Hymn Tunes", p. 168
3. Jones, James Edmund, "Annotations on the Book of Common Praise", p. 333



of the twenty five or more hymns which came from her pen,  
(1)  
about ten or fifteen are in use in the United States.

Mrs. Abner was a daughter of James Abner of London. She  
was born there October 4, 1773. After leaving London, she  
lived a life of seclusion at Huxton and Huxton in her  
fortitude, writing devotional poetry and sacred songs and hymns  
thence.

"Huxton Hymn" is from Huxton's known for centuries in  
Christianity as one of the Huxton's hymns.

Mrs. Abner lived in silence and seclusion with the pleasant  
missionary enterprise of the 19th century. Her contribution  
was a campaign hymn.

(2)  
She died in Huxton, January 20, 1852.

4. Huxton, Anna (English Hymn). 1773-1852 (English Hymn)

Psalm 3:18. I will joy in the God of my salvation.  
I will praise him, I will praise him,  
For the love that breaks our days;  
I will praise him, I will praise him,  
For the love that breaks our days.

Psalm 3:18. I will joy in the God of my salvation.

Mrs. Huxton is known best by her hymns on "Life" which  
are at 10, which have brought universal praise.

Life! we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,  
The hand is good, when friends are near--  
Perhaps, 'till now, a light, a tear--  
Then, when we part, give little warning,  
O'er time and space;  
Say not Good night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me Good morning. (3)

Huxton's hymns are heard to say, "I wish I had written those lines."  
1. Huxton, Anna (English Hymn). 1773-1852 (English Hymn), pp. 30-31.  
2. Huxton, Anna (English Hymn). 1773-1852 (English Hymn), pp. 30-31.  
3. Huxton, Anna (English Hymn). 1773-1852 (English Hymn), pp. 30-31.

We have here the first Unitarian to make great contributions in the field of hymnwriting. She was born in Leicestershire, England, daughter of Rev. John Aikin, a Presbyterian minister and schoolmaster. Miss Aikin had unusual mental powers. Mrs. Aikin once wrote: "At two years old she could read sentences and short stories without spelling her words, and in half a year later could read as well as most women."

When just a child she became acquainted with the best English authors. In 1774 she married Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a Unitarian minister. They lived at Ltoke-Newington and there her life so full of serene hope and quiet faith, closed on March 9, 1825.

One of her most famous hymns was written about 1792:

"Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my path your choice;  
I will guide you to your home;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

Her splendid Easter hymn was written in 1772,

"Again the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray,  
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day."

Perhaps her finest hymn is "The Death of the Virtuous", beginning and ending with the line "Now blest the righteous when he dies". Her original lines of this hymn are not in use, but they are most beautiful:--

"Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies!  
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,  
How mildly beams the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves the expiring breast.

So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore.



We have here the first visitation to some great country-  
lions in the field of investigation. This was done in December-  
thirty, England, daughter of Rev. John Alkin, a Presbyterian min-  
ister and abolitionist. Mrs. Alkin had unusual mental powers.  
Mrs. Alkin once wrote: "At two years old she could read sentences  
and short stories without spelling her way, and in half  
a year later could read as well as most women."

When just a child she became acquainted with the great English  
authors. In 1874 she married Rev. Frederick Marshall, a Unitar-  
ian minister. They lived at Locke-Barnham and there her life  
so full of serene hope and quiet faith, closed on March 9, 1922.  
One of her most famous hymns was written about 1892:

"Come, Lord Jesus, speed my prayer;  
Come, and make my path your way;  
I will follow you to your home;  
Gently guide me, O my Lord."

Her spiritual hymns were written in 1892.

"Again the Lord of life and light  
Answered the pleading soul,  
Unseen, the spirit of the Lord,  
And peace and healing brought."

Perhaps her greatest hymn is "The Death of the Virtuous,"  
beginning and ending with the line "How blessed the righteous  
when he sleeps." Her religious lines of this hymn are not in the  
but they are beautiful:-

"Sweet is the scene when Virtue lies,  
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,  
How mildly gleams the peaceful eye,  
How gently breathes the expiring breast."

As faded a sunset cloud away;  
So sinks the soul when death is o'er;  
So gently glows the eye of rest;  
So dies a wave along the shore."

Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,  
 Fanned by some angel's purple wing;  
 Where is, O Grave! thy victory now?  
 And where, insidious Death! thy sting?

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell!  
 How bright the unchanging morn appears!  
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done, as sinks the clay,  
 Light from its load the spirit flies;  
 While heaven and earth combine to say,  
 Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies!"

"This hymn appealed so much to Carlyle that he quoted it in describing Cromwell's death.

"Mrs. Barbauld's hymns are filled with rare beauty both in sentiment and structure. (1)

5. Bloomfield, Dorothy:--1858--? (English Anglican)

Ruth 1:17. The Lord do so to me and more also, if  
 aught but death part thee and me.

"O perfect Love, all human thought transcending,  
 Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne  
 That theirs may be a love which knows no ending  
 Whom Thou forevermore dost join in one.

O perfect Life, be Thou their first assurance  
 Of tender charity and steadfast faith,  
 Of patient hope and quiet, brave endurance,  
 With childlike trust that fears nor pain  
 nor death.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,  
 Grant them the peace which calms all earthly  
 strife,  
 And to their day the glorious unknown morrow  
 That dawns upon eternal love and life."

This was the wedding hymn of great poetic beauty which Miss Bloomfield, later Mrs. Gurney, wrote for her sister's

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1. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs from the Hearts of Women", pp 15-21.



And where, I think, the visitor's presence  
Remains by some magic's gentle light;  
Where it is, I think, the visitor's home,  
And where, I think, the visitor's light.

There, I think, the visitor's light  
Shines on the visitor's light and face;  
Where it is, I think, the visitor's home,  
And where, I think, the visitor's light.

It is, I think, the visitor's light  
Shines on the visitor's light and face;  
Where it is, I think, the visitor's home,  
And where, I think, the visitor's light.

"This form appeared as such to Emily, that he quoted

it as describing Emerson's death.

"Mrs. Burleigh's poems are filled with rare beauty both

(1)

in sentiment and structure.

F. B. Burleigh, *Emerson's Poetry*, 1878-79 (Emersonian)

Book 1:1. The last is as to me and some also, if

light and death part that and all.

"To perfect love, all human thought transcending,  
Emily is found in perfect beauty, the human  
That death can not destroy, which knows no ending,  
From that transcendent love join in one.

"To perfect love, all human thought transcending,  
Emily is found in perfect beauty, the human  
That death can not destroy, which knows no ending,  
From that transcendent love join in one.

Emily is found in perfect beauty, the human  
That death can not destroy, which knows no ending,  
From that transcendent love join in one.

This was the wedding hymn of great poetic beauty which

Miss Burleigh, later Mrs. Conway, wrote for her sister's

marriage in 1883.

Dorothy Bloomfield was born at Finsbury Circus, October 4, 1858, the eldest daughter of Rev. F. G. Bloomfield, for some time Rector of St. Andrew's Undershaft, London, and granddaughter of Dr. Bloomfield of London.

She is known to us by her famous hymn for Holy Matrimony, "O Perfect Love". It was set as an anthem by Joseph Barnby for the marriage of the Duke of Fife with the Princess Louise of Wales, on July 27, 1889, which added greatly to Miss Bloomfield's popularity. <sup>(1)</sup>

6. Borthwick, Jane. 1815-1897 (Scotch Presbyterian)

Matthew 21:28. Go work today in my vineyard.

"Come, labor on.

Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,  
While all around him waves the golden grain?  
And to each servant does the Master say,  
'Go, work today'". (2)

Miss Borthwick was born in Edinburgh, in 1813, and died in 1897. She is known by her splendid translations far better than as an author, and will thus be studied in a later chapter.

7. Browning, Elizabeth Barrett. (1806-1861)

"Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if there any is  
For gift or grace surpassing this:  
He giveth His beloved sleep?

"What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart, to be unmoved;  
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep;  
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse;  
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?  
'He giveth His beloved sleep'.





"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,  
 But have no power to charm away  
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;  
 But never doleful dream again  
 Shall break the happy slumber when  
 'He giveth His beloved sleep'.

"His dew drops mutely on the hill,  
 His cloud above it saileth still,  
 Though on its slope men toil and reap,  
 More softly than the dew is shed,  
 Or cloud is floated overhead,  
 'He giveth His beloved sleep'."

This is her best hymn, which was sung at Mr. Browning's funeral service held in Westminster Abbey 1889.

Miss Barrett was a native of London. At eighteen she was injured seriously in an effort to saddle a horse. Ten years after this accident, she went to Torquay for treatment. Her brother Edward while paying her a visit was drowned, riding in a skiff with some friends. This tragedy was a dreadful shock to Miss Barrett.

In 1846 she married Robert Browning and they moved to Florence, Italy because of her health. There she died in 1861 at fifty five years of age. She has been described as "a soul of fire inclosed in a shell of pearl" Both she and her husband were deeply religious.

Her works show thoughts of a poetic genius. Nevertheless it has not been easy to popularize her hymns. <sup>(1)</sup>

#### 8. Butler, Mary (English Anglican)

Hebrews 12:2. Looking unto Jesus.

"Looking upward every day,  
 Sunshine on our faces;  
 Pressing onward every day  
 Toward the heavenly places.

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1. Smith, Noeholas, "Songs from the Hearts of Women", pp. 87, 88.



"I have no more to say to you,"  
and then she turned and walked away.  
"I have no more to say to you,"  
and then she turned and walked away.  
"I have no more to say to you,"  
and then she turned and walked away.

"I have no more to say to you,"  
and then she turned and walked away.  
"I have no more to say to you,"  
and then she turned and walked away.  
"I have no more to say to you,"  
and then she turned and walked away.

This is not the first time that we have seen  
the same thing happen. It is not the first time  
that we have seen the same thing happen.

Miss Kettle was a native of London. At eighteen she  
was married to a man who was a native of London. Ten  
years after their marriage, she went to Germany for treatment.  
Her brother-in-law, who was a native of London, was a great  
friend of hers. He was a native of London. This was a great  
friend of hers. He was a native of London.

In 1840 she married Mr. Kettle and they moved to  
London. They lived in London for many years. There she died in 1881  
at the age of 41. She was described as a  
soul of fire in a letter of her brother. Her brother and her  
husband were both religious.

Her father was a native of London. He was a native of London.  
(1)

G. Kettle, M.D. (English edition)

Notes 1:1. Looking into the

"Looking up every day,  
Gazing on the face;  
Pressing every day  
Toward the heavenly place."

Walking every day more close  
 To our Elder Brother;  
 Growing every day more true  
 Unto one another.

Leaving every day behind  
 Something which might hinder;  
 Running swifter every day  
 Growing finner, kinder.

Lord, as pray we every day,  
 Hear us in Thy pity,  
 That we enter in at last  
 To the Holy City. 1881 (1)  
 Tune Wimbledon

9. Clephane, Elizabeth 1830-1869. (Scotch Presbyterian)

Proverbs 14:26. His children shall have a place of  
 refuge.

"Beneath the cross of Jesus  
 I fain would take my stand,  
 The shadow of a mighty rock  
 Within a weary land;  
 A home within the wilderness,  
 A rest upon the way,  
 From the burning of the noontide heat,  
 And the burden of the day".

This hymn of Elizabeth Clephane is cherished by hymn lovers,  
 as it stands out so clearly for both its devotion and its poetry.  
 The first stanza illustrates the place of Nature in hymnal poetry  
 to express and to stir devotion.

The tunes commonly used are "Beneath the Cross" and  
 "Crucis Umbra".

Another famous piece of work of Miss Clephane is "The  
 Ninety and Nine", which she wrote at Melrose, Scotland early  
 in 1868.

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1. Jones, James Edmund, "Annotations on the Book of Common  
 Praise, p. 676



Believing every day, every hour,  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ.

Believing every day, every hour,  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ.

Believing every day, every hour,  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ.

Believing every day, every hour,  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ.

Believing every day, every hour,  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ.

Believing every day, every hour,  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ.

Believing every day, every hour,  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ.

Believing every day, every hour,  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ.

Believing every day, every hour,  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ.

Believing every day, every hour,  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ;  
To see the Lord Jesus Christ.

"There were ninety and nine that safely  
lay  
In the shelter of the fold;  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold.  
Away on the mountain wild and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care".

"This poem was found by Mr. Sankey in the "Christian Age". He cut it out and slipped it in his vestpocket. In a large meeting in Edinburgh Mr. Moody asked Sankey to sing something. He took from his pocket these words, but he had no tune. After a silent prayer for help, the musician sat down at the organ and sang the unfamiliar words, composing the music as he went. It was an intense period, but in the presence of over a thousand listeners, many of them with eyes filled with tears, Sanky composed the new melody".

(1)

We know little concerning the life of Miss Clephane. However we have the facts that she was born in Edinburgh, June 10, 1830, and died of consumption February 19, 1869. (2)

10. Codner, Mrs. Elizabeth. 1835--? (English Anglican)

Ezekial 34:26. There shall be showers of blessing.

Lord I hear of showers of blessing,  
Thou art scattering full and free!  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some portion fall on me,  
Even me!

This hymn was born of the revival of Ireland in 1861  
(3)  
and has touched many souls and brought great blessing.

Mrs. Codner wrote: "In the year A. D. 1860, a party of young friends, over whom I was watching with anxious care and

1. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of the Hymn and Hymn Tunes", pp. 422-423.
2. Reeves, Jeremiah Bascom, "The Hymn as Literature", p. 309
3. Bodine, Wm. Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", p. 228.





hope, attended a meeting in which details were given of the beginning of a revival in Ireland. They came back greatly impressed. My fear was lest they should be satisfied to let their own place remain dry, and I put before them the privilege and responsibility of getting a share in the outpoured blessing.

"On the Sunday following, not being well enough to go out, I had a time of quiet communion. These children were still on my heart and I longed to press upon them an earnest individual appeal. Without effort, words seemed given to me, and they took the form of the hymn which I then wrote: 'Lord I hear of showers of blessings'".

(1)

Mrs. Codner was the wife of an English Clergyman.

11. Cousin, Anne. 1824-1906. (Scotch Presbyterian)

Isaiah 33:17. Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.

"The sands of time are sinking  
The dawn of heaven breaks;  
The summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight.  
But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory--glory swelleth  
In Immanuel's land. (2)

Miss Cundell was a native of Leith, Scotland. She became the wife of Rev. William Cousin, a minister of the Free Church at Melrose. In 1857 Mrs. Cousin's familiar hymn was published in "The Christian Treasury". There is a pathetic interest in the history that suggested this hymn. Samuel Ruth-

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1. Jones, James Edmund, "Annotations on the Book of Common Praise", p. 728

2. Ibid, p. 658





erford was called by Dean Stanley "the true saint of the Scottish Covenant", a great preacher, and fearless teacher of Calvinistic doctrine. His last day on earth he said: "Oh, that my brethren in the land may know what a Master I have served, and what peace I have this day! I shall sleep in Christ, and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with His likeness. This night shall close the door, and put my anchor within the vail; and I shall go away in a sleep by five of the clock in the morning. Glory! glory to my Creator and my Redeemer forever! Oh, for arms to embrace Him! Oh, for a well-tuned harp! Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land".<sup>(1)</sup>

Mrs. Cousin impressed with this incident wrote a poem called "The Last Words of Samuel Rutherford", from which comes this popular hymn, "The sands of time are sinking".

12. Crewdson, Jane Fox 1809-1853.

O Thou whose bounty fills my cup  
With every blessing meet!  
I give thee thanks for every drop--  
The bitter and the sweet.

I praise Thee for the desert road,  
And for the river-side;  
For all Thy goodness hath bestowed,  
And all Thy grace denied.

Mrs. Crewdson was another of those women who "learned in suffering what they taught in song". She was the daughter of George Fox of Cornwall, England. In 1836 she married Thomas Crewdson of Manchester. She was an invalid from early womanhood.

Her poetic works are found in four volumes, and it is

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1. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs from the Hearts of Women", pp. 162-164



effort was called by Dean Bradley "the true spirit of the  
 Scottish Government," a great pleasure, and for the purpose of  
 giving it a name. His last day on earth he said: "Oh,  
 that my position in the land may know that a Master I have  
 served, and that grace I have this day! I shall sleep in peace,  
 and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with his likeness. This  
 night shall close the door, and put my anchor within the wall;  
 and I shall be away in a sleep by five of the clock in the morn-  
 ing. Glory to my Father and my Redeemer forever! Oh,  
 for grace to embrace him! Oh, for a wife-loved help! Glory,  
 glory dwells in Immanuel's land!"  
 Mrs. Gould's impression with this incident was a poem  
 called "The Last Words of Samuel Rutherford," from which comes  
 this popular hymn, "The words of him who slings."

15. Gresham, born 1807-1855.

O that those distant hills my way  
 With every mountain peak;  
 I have seen them from the sea,  
 The river and the sea.

I praise thee for the desert land,  
 And for the river-side;  
 For all thy goodness and provision,  
 And all thy grace denied.

Mrs. Gresham was another of those women who "learned  
 in suffering what they taught in song." She was the daughter  
 of George Fox of Cornwall, England. In 1835 she married Thomas  
 Gresham of Manchester. She was an invalid from early woman-  
 hood.

Her poetic works are found in four volumes, and it is

said that she wrote all her productions between paroxysms of pain. "O Thou whose beauty fills my cup", probably her finest hymn breathes her true spirit.

She wrote a most pathetic hymn soon before her death, which shows how nobly she bore her pain and could find true joy in sorrows:

"O Saviour I have nought to plead  
In earth beneath or heaven above,  
But just my own exceeding need  
And Thy exceeding love.

The need will soon be past and gone,  
Exceeding great but quickly o'er;  
The love unbought is all Time own,  
And lasts forevermore. (1)

13. Dobree, Henrietta. 1831-1894. (English Anglican)

II Kings 4:26. It is well with the child...it is well.

"Safely, safely gathered in,  
No more sorrow, no more sin". (2)

14. Duncan, Mrs. Mary. 1814-1840 (Scotch Presbyterian)

The wife of a Scotch clergyman, praying for her own children brought to us the touching hymn, beginning:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;  
Bless Thy little lamb tonight,  
Through the darkness be Thou near me;  
Keep me safe till morning light".

based upon the Scripture, Isaiah 11:11, He shall feed His flock like a shepherd:

He shall gather the lambs with His arm,  
and carry them in His bosom.

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1. Smith, Nicholas, pp "Songs from the Heart of Women", pp 91-93
  2. Jones, James Edmund, "Annotations on the Book of Common Praise", p. 278



and that the whole of the production between the  
of pain. - 50 These words mean "I am", probably her  
themselves, but from spirit.

The whole of the hymn is a plea for help,  
which shows how truly the love has been and would find true

joy in sorrow:

no sorrow I have thought to find  
in love, but now I know  
that love is not exceeding need  
And my exceeding love.

The need will soon be past and gone,  
Exceeding great but quickly o'er;  
The love which is all time own,  
And lasts forevermore. (1)

13. Hymn, "Sorrowful", 1881-1882. (English Hymn)

It is well with the child, it is well.

"Sorrowful", 1881-1882. (2)  
No more sorrow, no more pain.

14. Hymn, "Sorrowful", 1881-1882. (English Hymn)

The life of a sorrowful child, a prayer for his own

children, written to be the morning hymn, beginning:

"Sorrowful", 1881-1882. (3)  
Sorrowful, sorrowful, I am;  
Through the darkness of this night;  
Keep me safe till morning light.

Based upon the hymn, "Sorrowful", 1881-1882. (4)

Think like a shepherd:

"Sorrowful", 1881-1882. (5)  
No more sorrow, no more pain;  
And carry them in His bosom.

## 15. Elliott, Charlotte. 1789-1871 (English Anglican)

O Thou, the contrite Sinner's friend  
 Jesus, my Savior, Look on Me  
 Just As I Am, Without One Plea.  
 O Holy Saviour, Friend Unseen  
 With Tearful Eyes I look Around  
 My God, My Father, While I stray  
 My God, is any hour so sweet

All of these hymns are memorable, especially, "Just As I Am". Bishop McIlvaine chose "Just As I Am", adopting it for all time to come as his hymn, which as he claimed, so beautifully expressed the very essence of the Gospel. He says "That hymn contains my religion, my theology, my hope. It has been my ministry to preach just what it contains. In health it expresses all my refuge; in death I desire that I may know nothing else for support and consolation, but what it contains. When I am gone, I wish to be remembered in association with this hymn. I wish that all my ministry may be associated 'Just as I am, --without one plea- but that Thy blood was shed for me, -- and that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, -- O Lamb of God, I come!' I have no plea. I can come in no other way. O Lord, help me so to come, in more simplicity and strength of trust; in more of that love which true faith always works by; in more of that 'peace in believing' which strong faith imparts; in more ability to mount above the sense of my deep unworthiness, to a full embracing of Thy promise not feeling the less unworthy, but resting more in Thy merits; not the less realizing how all my righteousness is but filthy rags, but more putting on by faith (1) Thine own--Thee, blessed Lord, who Thyself art my righteousness".

Miss Elliott was born at Brighton, England March 18, 1789 and died September 22, 1871. The greater part of her earthly

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1. Bodine, William Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", p.215-216.





life, spent chiefly at Clapham, Brighton, and Torquay, she was an invalid. This was true of her youthful days, though she always rallied during the summer months when the companionship of gifted and cultivated literary friends was hers. Even this failed to satisfy, and heavy hours came to her, followed by a serious illness in 1821.

Her sister writes, "Then followed a period of much seclusion and bodily distress from the continuance of feeble health. Her views, too became clouded and confused, through an introduction to religious controversy and the disturbing influence of various teachers, who held inadequate notions of the efficacy of Divine grace. She became deeply conscious of the evil in her own heart, and having not yet fully realized the fulness and freeness of the grace of God in the Lord Jesus Christ, she suffered much mental distress, under the painful uncertainty whether it were possible that such an one as she felt herself to be saved. At this junction, she fell under the friendly influence of Dr. Caesar Malan of Geneva, who preached to her the genuine gospel. These were some of his words, written at the time:

"To say to oneself that the Lord loves us, that is our Father, that He cherishes us, that He sees, follows, guides, guards us; to believe, but to believe indeed, that Jesus is our friend each day, each hour; that His grace surrounds us, that His voice continually bids us to be happy and holy in Him; to dwell, child-like in the joy of that love, and to repeat to one's soul 'O my soul, my soul, dwell thou in peace and bless thy God'--all this which is life, and without which there is no



life, spent chiefly at Clapham, Brighton, and Torquay, she was an invalid. This was true of her youthful days, though she always rallied during the summer months when the companionship of sister and cultivated literary friends was near. Even this failed to assist, and heavy sorrow came to her, followed by a serious illness in 1832.

Her sister advised, "Thou followed a period of much resolution and bodily distress from the continuance of tedious health. Her views, too, became altered and unsettled, through an inclination to religious controversies and the dissipation of various teachers, who held inadequate notions of the efficacy of Divine grace. She became deeply conscious of the evil in her own heart, and having not yet fully realized the fulness and presence of the grace of God in the Lord Jesus Christ, she suffered much mental distress, under the painful uncertainty whether it were possible that such an one as she felt herself to be saved. At this juncture, she fell under the friendly influence of Dr. James Watson of Geneva, who preached to her the genuine gospel. These were some of his words, written at the time:

"To say to oneself that the Lord loves us, that is our first duty, that He cherishes us, that He sees, follows, guides, and guards us, to believe, but to believe inwardly, that Jesus is our friend both now, each hour; that His grace surrounds us; that His voice continually bids us to be happy and holy in His love, child-like in the joy of that love, and to repeat to one's soul 'O my soul, my soul, dwell thou in peace and bliss thy God'--all this which is life, and without which there is no

life, either here below, or in the world above, is not the work of our own will; it is the direct achievement of the merciful and freely given power of Him who is 'over all, God blessed forever', who is love and who desires to be called and recognized as the Father of infinite compassion".<sup>(1)</sup>

Mrs. Babbington says, "Her faith never was shaken. She might shrink from present suffering or from unknown imagined terrors as to the circumstances of her dying hour. But all beyond was light and joy. Her constant testimony was: 'I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day'.

"Her subsequent religious experience was one of growing intimacy with the Lord Jesus Christ. This is evident from her poems and other published utterances. Her sister's testimony is 'She was clinging to her blessed Saviour that any effort to tear her from Him was like rending her soul asunder; or, she was as the happy infant on its mother's lap, with no strength, but needing none; fully supported by those loving arms, and only looking up to the beam of light and love on that blessed countenance, when the sweetest joy would steal in her soul.

"She would retrace in her own mind all she had ever known or read of worth and beauty in man or nature,--all of genuine and glory, the highest and best on earth,--all the loveliest and most notable characters that had ever evoked admiration or esteem. She would review them all, with a rich unfolding of the several pictures and a compassion of them with the portrai-

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1. Bodine, Wm. Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn writers, pp. 216-217.



life, either here below, or in the world above, is not the  
work of our own will; it is the direct result of the  
merciful and freely given power of Him who is 'ever all, and  
blessed forever', who is love and who desires to be called and  
recognized as the Father of infinite mercies.

Mrs. Robinson says, "Her father never was known. She  
might think from present suffering as from unknown injuries  
arising from the circumstances of her dying hour, but all her  
soul was light and joy. Her constant testimony was, 'I know  
what I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep  
that which I have committed unto Him against that day.'"  
"Her subsequent religious experience was one of growing  
intimacy with the Lord Jesus Christ. This is evident from her  
poems and other published utterances. Her sister's testimony  
is 'She was willing to let blessed Jesus have that any effort to  
keep her from Him was like reaching her soul another, or, she  
was as the happy infant on the mother's lap, with no attempt  
at reaching home; fully supported by those loving arms, and only  
looking up to the beam of light and love on that blessed countenance, when the sweetest joy would steal in her soul.'"  
"She would rejoice in her own mind all she had ever known

or read of worth and beauty in man or nature, -- all of heaven  
and earth, the highest and best on earth, -- all the invisible  
and most noble characters that had ever reached admiration or  
esteem. She would review them all, with a glad unfolding of  
the several pictures and a comparison of them with the person-

ture, in her own mind, of Him in whom are hid all the treasure of wisdom and knowledge. She would speak of each one--Milton, Dante, Newton, St. Paul, etc. as but a faint outline, a shadowy reflection, of His glorious excellency.

"When her weakness made it no longer possible for her to attend the public sanctuary that she so dearly loved, this was the expression of her mind: 'My Bible is my Church. It is always open and there is my High Priest ever waiting to receive me. There I have my confessional, my thanksgiving, my psalms of praise, a field of promises, and a congregation of whom the world is not worthy--prophets and apostles, and martyrs and confessors--in short, all I can want I find there.'

One of her poems, wrought out of her own experience and which is comparatively unfamiliar is here given as a specimen of many, telling of her life hid with Christ in God.

What is the lesson I am taught  
Daily and hourly, Friend Divine?  
O could I learn it as I ought!  
To have no will but Thine.

Oft I feel eager to fulfill  
Some right intent, as best I may;  
Then comes the mandate "to be still",  
To work not, but obey.

I meekly plead "Life's little hour  
For me far spent, will soon expire",  
My Lord replies, "Thou wilt have power  
When thou shalt come up higher".

In others, in myself, I see  
Evils I long at once to cure;  
Then comes this gentle check to me:  
"Be patient, and endure";

I think if this or that were changed  
I could do better and do more;  
But is not every step arranged  
By Thee, whom I adore?



late, in her own mind, of him to whom she had all the  
 treasure of wisdom and knowledge. She would speak of each  
 one - Wilson, Foster, Johnson, St. Paul, etc. as but a faint  
 shadow, a shadowy reflection, of the glorious excellency.  
 "When her weakness gave it no longer possible for her  
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 Daily and hourly, Friend Divine?  
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 To have no will but Thine.  
 O! I feel eager to fulfill  
 Some right intent, as best I may;  
 Then comes the whisper "be still."  
 To work not, but obey.  
 I meekly plead "Thy little hour"  
 For me far spent, will soon expire;  
 My Lord replied, "Thou wilt have power  
 When thou shalt come up higher."  
 In others, in myself, I see  
 Evils I long at once to cure;  
 Then comes this gentle check to me:  
 "Be patient, and endure."  
 I think if this or that were changed  
 I could be better and so more;  
 But is not every step arranged  
 By thee, whom I adore?

That wisdom which can never fail,  
That love whose depths can n'er be  
scanned,  
E'en in its most minute detail,  
My daily life has planned.

Then let me with implicit faith,  
In Thee confide, on Thee depend,  
And say, "Choose Thou my hourly path  
E'en to the end". (1)

Nearly all of her hymns were written for the sorrowing and suffering. Her hymn entitled "In affliction" is of unusual beauty.

O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen!  
The faint, the weak on Thee my lean;  
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,  
By faith to cling to Thee".

It is thought that the death of her father suggested these lines.

Her hymn "Thy Will Be Done" has been set to many beautiful tunes, one of which was a favorite of Queen Victoria and was selected by her to be used at her daughter's burial.

"My God and Father! while I stray,  
Far from my home, in life's rough way,  
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,  
'Thy will be done'".

In her "Invalid's Hymn Book" published 1841 was included a plaintive hymn entitled "Come to Me".

"With tearful eyes I look around;  
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;  
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,  
A heavenly whisper, 'Come to Me!'

It tells me of a place of rest,  
It tells me where my soul may flee;  
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
How sweet the bidding, 'Come to Me!'

When the poor heart with anguish learns,  
That earthly props resigned must be,  
And from each broken cistern turns,  
It hears the accents, 'Come to Me!'

1. Bodine, Wm. Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", pp 216, 217



That wisdom which can never fail,  
That love whose refuge can not be  
- permanent -  
Even in the most minute detail,  
My daily life was planned.

Then let me with fondly  
In these moments, as these happen,  
And say, "I know that my daily path  
Lies in the way." (1)

Nearly all of her hymns were written for the morning  
and evening. Her poem entitled "The Affliction" is of unusual  
and beauty.

O Holy Father, Father of all;  
The Father, who work on these my tears;  
Help me, O Father, in this my hour,  
By faith to cling to Thee.

It is thought that the death of her father suggested these lines.  
Her hymn "Why Will He Dwell" has been set to many beautiful

tunes, one of which was a favorite of Queen Victoria and was  
selected by her to be used at her daughter's burial.

"O God and Father, while I stray,  
Far from Thy home, in life's rough way,  
Oh, teach me from Thy heart to say,  
'Thy will be done.'"

In her "Fountain's Hymn Book" published 1841 was included

a plaintive hymn entitled "Come to Me".

"With longing eyes I look around;  
Life seems a strife and stormy sea;  
Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,  
A heavenly whisper, 'Come to Me!'"

It tells me of a place of rest,  
It tells me where my soul may flee;  
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
How sweet the bidding, 'Come to Me!'"

When the poor heart with anguish laments,  
That earthly joys transient must be,  
And from each broken crown turns,  
It hears the voice, 'Come to Me!'"

When against sin I strive in vain,  
 And cannot from its yoke get free,  
 Sinking beneath the heavy chain,  
 The words arrest me, 'Come to Me!'

When nature shudders, loath to part  
 From all I love, enjoy, and see;  
 Then a faint chill steals o'er my heart,  
 A sweet voice utters, 'Come to Me!'

Come, for all else must fail and die,  
 Earth is no resting place for thee;  
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;  
 I am thy portion; 'Come to Me!'

Oh, voice of mercy! voice of love!  
 In conflict, grief, and agony,  
 Support me, cheer me from above!  
 And gently whisper, 'Come to Me!'

Miss Elliott has given us these four hymns with "far-  
 thrilling chords".

Some of her hymns with their Scripture correlation are:

Mark 14:38 Watch and pray.  
 "Christian, Seek not Yet Repose".

John 6:37. Him that Cometh to Me I will in no  
 wise cast out.  
 "Just as I am".

John 13:1 Jesus having loved His own which were in  
 the world, He loved them unto the end.  
 "O Thou the contrite sinners' Friend.

Acts 3:1 The hour of prayer  
 "My God is any hour so sweet"

John 17:24. Father I will that they---whom Thou  
 hast given me be with me where I am.  
 "Let me be with Thee where Thou Art".

Col. 3:11 Christ is all and in all.  
 "Jesus, My Savior, Look on Me".

16. Elliott, Elizabeth Steele. 1825-1897.

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy Kingly crown  
 When Thou camest to earth for me;  
 But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room  
 For Thy holy nativity;  
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,  
 There is room in my heart for Thee.



then against him I strike in vain,  
and cannot find his body slain;  
Blinking beneath the heavy chain,  
The words repeat me, 'Come to Me!'

When before me stand, I reach to part  
From all I love, enjoy, and care;  
Then a faint thrill steals o'er my heart,  
A sweet voice utters, 'Come to Me!'

Go, for all else must fall and die;  
Earth is no resting place for thee;  
Hasten to meet thy heavenly foe;  
I am thy portion; 'Come to Me!'

Oh, voice of mercy! voice of love!  
In conflict, grief, and woe,  
Support me, when I am above,  
And gently whisper, 'Come to Me!'

When Elliott has given us these four hymns with the

following verses:

Some of our hymns with their Scriptural correlation are:

Hymn 14: 'Watch and pray.'  
'Gethsemane, O my Jesus! pray.'

Hymn 15: 'Who can comfort me when I am sad?'  
'When I am sad, O my Jesus, pray.'  
'When I am sad, O my Jesus, pray.'

Hymn 16: 'Jesus having loved his own which were in  
the world, he loved them unto the end.'  
'O that the world were filled with such as these!'

Hymn 17: 'The hour of prayer.'  
'My God is not, O my Jesus, pray.'

Hymn 18: 'Where I will that they should be--  
hand given me be with the world I am;  
that we be with them where they are.'

Hymn 19: 'Glad is all and in all.'  
'Glad, O my Jesus, pray, O my Jesus, pray.'

10. Elliott, Elizabeth. 1875-1877.

Thus that I have the witness and the kindly crown  
When thou comest to earth for me;  
But in Bethlehem's name was there found no room  
For thy holy nativity;  
O come to my heart, O come to my heart,  
There is room in my heart for thee.

Miss Elliott has written two hymns for children: "There came a little child to earth", popular in England, and "Thou didst leave thy throne". The latter was privately printed in 1864 for use in the choir and school of St. Mark's Church, Brighton, England.

We know little concerning Miss Elliott. We are not even certain of the date of her birth, but it is supposed to be about 1825. Following her volume in 1866, came "Chimes for Daily Service" and "Chimes of Consecration".

Her famous hymn is usually sung to music by Barnby or Matthews, both contributing to its delight as a Christmas song. (1)

17. Farmingham, Marianne 1834-1909 (English Baptist)

Luke 9:57 Lord I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest.

"Just as I am, Thine Own to Be". (2)

18. Griffiths, Ann 1776-1805

"Love Eternal" was written by Ann Griffiths, It praises the Divine plan to satisfy the Law and at the same time save the sinner.

The idea of the thot may be gotten from the first stanza:

"Here behold the tent of meeting,  
In the blood a peace with heaven,  
Refuge from the blood-avengers,  
For the sick a Healer given.  
Here the sinner nestles safely  
At the very throne divine,  
And heaven's righteous law, all holy  
Still on him shall smile and shine".

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1. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs from the Hearts of Women", pp. 165-167
  2. Jones, James Edmund, "Annotations on the Book of Common Praise", p. 676.



Miss Millett has written two hymns for children: "There  
 came a little child to earth," popular in England, and "There  
 shall I leave thy corpse." The latter was privately printed in  
 1864 for use in the choir and school of St. Mark's Church,  
 Brighton, England.

We know little concerning Miss Millett. We are not even  
 certain of the date of her birth, but it is supposed to be about  
 1835. Following her volume in 1866, came "Chimes for Holy  
 Services" and "Chimes of Consecration".

Her former hymn is usually sung to music by Henry or  
 (1) Matthews, both contributing to its delight as a Christmas song.

17. Westminster, December 1854-1855 (English Hymns)  
 Take 8:37 I am I will follow thee wherever thou  
 goest.  
 (2)  
 "That as I see, I think God is here."

18. Brighton, and 1856-1867  
 "Love Eternal" was written by Ann Bellamy. It begins  
 the hymn also is called "The Love and at the same time save  
 the singer."

The idea of the poet may be gotten from the first stanza:  
 "Here behind the tent of meeting  
 in the blood a peace with Heaven,  
 Belong from the blood-sprinkled,  
 For the sake a better given,  
 Here the altar nestled safely  
 At the very throne Divine,  
 And Heaven's righteous law, all holy  
 Still on his shell walls and shrine."

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1. Ralph, Nicholas, "Songs from the Heart of Woman", pp.  
 107-108  
 2. Jones, James, "Reflections on the Book of Common  
 Prayer", p. 276.

She also wrote "Mysteries of Grace"--How Sweet the Covenant to Remember. This has a note of pietism in it, and much of the literalness found in Welsh religious poetry.

Probably her earliest hymn is the best, being prior to the time when her religion became mystical and involved:

"My soul, behold the fitness  
Of this great Love of God,  
Trust Him for life eternal  
And cast on Him thy load,  
A man--touched with the pity  
Of every human woe,  
A God--to claim the kingdom  
And vanquish every foe."

These lines came to her upon returning from an exciting service filled with thots of her unworthiness and the glorious beauty of the Saviour. She turned down a lane to be alone to pray. While on her knees, the spirit of the sacred words came to her. When she reached home, the words were formed in her mind.

Mrs. Griffiths was born in 1776 at Dolwar Fechan, Montgomeryshire, and died in 1805. She was a "romantic figure in the religious history of Wales".

The author of "Sweet Singers of Wales" says, "She had a Christian life of eight years and a married life of ten months". She died at twenty-nine years of age.

In 1904, near the centennial of her death, amid the echoes of her own hymns, and the rising waves of the great refreshing over her native land, the people of Dolwar Fechan dedicated the new Ann Griffiths Memorial Chapel to her.<sup>(1)</sup>

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1. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of the Hymn and Hymn Tunes", pp. 396-399.



The also wrote "Epitaphs of Great Men" - How Sweet the

Government is to be. This has a note of prediction in it, and

much of the literature found in early religious poetry.

Probably her earliest poem is the last, being prior to

the time when her religion became spiritual and involved:

My soul, behold the brightness  
Of this great love of God,  
Trust Him for life eternal,  
And cast on Him thy load,  
A man--conquered with the gift  
Of every human soul,  
A God--in all the kingdom  
And vanguard every day."

These lines seem to her upon returning from an exciting

service filled with those of her unworldliness and the glorious

beauty of the service. The author knew a line in English to

play. While on her knees, the spirit of the sacred words was

to her. When she returned home, the words were found in her

mind.

Mrs. Britton was born in 1796 at Dover, New Hampshire.

She was a "romantic" spirit in her youth, and died in 1867. She was a "romantic" spirit in

the religious history of her time.

The author of "Great Men of Great Men" says, "She had

a Christian life of eight years and a married life of ten months."

She died at twenty-nine years of age.

In 1904, near the anniversary of her death, and the edition

of her own hymns, and the rising waves of the great religious

over her native land, the people of Dover, New Hampshire, erected the

(1)  
new Mrs. Britton Memorial Chapel to her.

J. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of the Woman and Her

Times", pp. 296-300.

19. Hankey, Kate. 1846-- (English)

Miss Hankey was born in 1846, the daughter of an English banker. Recovering from a serious illness, she spent her days while convalescing in composing. Her little volume "Heart to Heart" was published in 1865 or 1866, which contained, "Tell Me the Old, Old Story", and its answer "I Love to Tell the Story". The whole poem is long. Four quatrains of it, or two eight line stanzas are the usual length of the hymn.

"Tell me the old, old story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love.  
Tell me the story simply  
As to a little child,  
For I am weak and weary  
And helpless, and defiled."

This is based on the scripture--Ephesians 3:19, "The love of Christ which passeth knowledge".

This life of Jesus in verse was written in two parts; "The Story Wanted", January 29 and "The Story Told" November 18, 1866. It has since been published in several forms, and has also been translated into various languages, including Welsh, German, Italian, Spanish, etc.

Mrs. Hankey's works contain many suitable hymns for Mission Services and Sunday Schools. Besides her two most famous hymns, she has given to the world "Advent tells us, Christ is near", written for the St. Peter's Sunday School, Eaton Square, London; and "I saw him leave His Father's Throne", written in 1868. (1)

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1. Julian, "Dictionary of Hymnology" , p. 483.



Mrs. Henry was born in 1840, the daughter of an English  
banker. Returning from a vacation in France, she spent her days  
while residing in England. Her little volume "Henry's  
Story" was published in 1888 or 1889, which contained "Tell  
me the old story, and its answer I love to tell the  
story". The whole book is long. Four divisions of it, or two  
eight line stanzas are the model length of the hymn.

"Tell me the old, old story  
Of Jesus and His story,  
Of Jesus and His story,  
Tell me the story simply  
As to a little child  
But I am weak and weary  
And helpless, and despairing."

This is based on the narrative "The Love of  
Christ which passeth knowledge".

This little of Jesus in verse was written in two  
parts: "The Story Simply" (January 25) and "The Story Told"  
November 19, 1888. It has since been published in several  
forms, and has also been translated into various languages, in-  
cluding Polish, German, Italian, Spanish, etc.

Mrs. Henry's work contains many beautiful hymns for  
Mission Services and Sunday Schools. Besides her two most fam-  
ous hymns, she has given to the world "Advent Hymns", "Christ  
is near", written for the St. Peter's Sunday School, Boston  
Square, London; and "I saw him leave His Father's Throne",  
written in 1888. (1)

"I love to tell the story  
 Of unseen things above,  
 Of Jesus and His glory  
 Of Jesus and His love.  
 I love to tell the story  
 Because I know 'tis true;  
 It satisfies my longings  
 As nothing else can do.

Chorus:

I love to tell the story;  
 'Twill be my theme in glory;  
 To tell the old, old story  
 Of Jesus and his love.

This is the sequel to "The Story Wanted". It has the same meter but different accent. The tune was supplied by William Gustavus Fischer.

20. Havergal, Frances Ridley. 1836-1879

"Take my life and let it be  
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,  
 Take my moments and my days  
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise."

Miss Havergal was born at Astley, Worcestershire, England, December 14, 1836. Her father was clergyman of the Church of England, also poet and musician. She was a sensitive child, and her early life was religiously clouded. She tells us how a sermon on hell and judgment "haunted" her. "As for trying to be good", she says, "that seemed to me of next to no use; it was like struggling in a quicksand, the more you struggle, the deeper you sink". Light gradually dawned upon her darkened soul. Her confirmation, when she was seventeen years old was a notable event:

"I was the fourth or fifth on whom the bishop laid his hands. At first, the thought came as to who was kneeling next to me., but then the next moment I felt alone, unconscious of my



I love to tell the story  
Of unrequited love  
Of tears and his story  
Of tears and his love  
I love to tell the story  
Because I know 'tis true  
It satisfies my longing  
As nothing else can do.

Given:

I love to tell the story  
'Twill be my theme in life;  
To tell the old story  
Of tears and his love.

This is the subject of "The Story of the Story". It has the same  
water but different account. The name was supplied by William

Charles Brown.

M. Haverford, Frances Ridley, 1830-1890

Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,  
Take my moments and my days  
For thou art all my life and praise.

Mrs Haverford was born at Haverford, Wiltshire, Eng-

land, December 14, 1830. Her father was a minister of the Church

of England, also poet and musician. She was a sensitive child,

and her early life was religiously clouded. She felt as if a

curtain on hell and judgment "waited" her, as for trying to be

"good," she says, "that seemed to me at times to be an end; it was

like struggling in a labyrinth. One day she wrote, "The story

of my life," which gradually dawned upon her darkness and

her confusion, when she was seventeen years old was a notable

event:

"I was the fourth of five children when the bishop laid his  
hands. At first, the thought came as to who was kneeling next to  
me, but then the next moment I felt alone, unconscious of my

fellow candidates, of the many eyes fixed upon me, and of the many thots of and prayers for me, alone with God and His chief minister. My feelings when his hands were placed on my head (and there was solemnity and earnestness in the very touch and manner), I cannot describe, they were too confused; but when the words, 'Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine forever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until she come into Thy everlasting Kingdom;" were solemnly pronounced, if ever my heart followed a prayer it did then; if ever it thrilled with earnest longing not unmixed with joy, it did at the words, 'Thine forever'. But, as if in no feeling I might or could rest satisfied, there was still a longing, 'Oh, that I desired this yet more earnestly, that I believed it yet more fully'. We returned to our seats, and for some time I wept, why, I hardly know; it was not grief, nor anxiety, nor exactly joy. About an hour and a quarter elapsed before all the candidates had been up to the rails; part of the time being spent in meditation on the double transaction which was now sealed, and in thinking that I was now more than ever His; but I still rather sadly wished that I could feel more. Many portions of Scripture passed through my mind, particularly part of Romans VIII. Each time that the 'Amen' was chanted in a more distant part of the cathedral, after the 'Defend' had been pronounced, it seemed as tho a choir of angels had come down to witness, and pour out from their pure spirits a deep and felt 'Amen'." (1)

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1. Bodine, William Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", p. 213



...of the many eyes fixed upon me, and of the  
many hands of and prayers for me, alone with God and His Christ  
minister. My feelings when his hands were placed on my head  
(and there was solemnity and earnestness in the very words and  
manner), I cannot describe, they were too wonderful; but when the  
words, 'God be with you, and the Lord, the Holy Spirit, and the  
Father, who continue Thine forever, and daily increase in Thy  
Holy Spirit, and soon, until she come into Thy everlasting  
Kingdom,' were solemnly pronounced, it over my heart followed  
a prayer it did then; it over is filled with earnest longing  
and unmet with joy, it did at the words, 'Thine forever.'  
But, as it is no feeling I might or could feel satisfied, there  
was still a longing, for, that I desired this, but more earnestly  
that I believed it yes more fully. We returned to our seats,  
and for some time I wept, when, I hardly knew, it was not grief,  
but anxiety, not anxiety for, about an hour and a quarter  
elapsed before all the candidates had been up to the table;  
part of the time being spent in meditation on the words transcribed  
upon which was now seated, and in thinking that I was now more  
than ever this; but I still rather sadly wished that I could  
feel more. Many portions of Scripture passed through my mind,  
particularly part of Romans VIII. Even then that the 'amen'  
was changed in a more distant part of the cathedral, after the  
'amen' had been pronounced, it seemed as if a chain of an-  
gels had come down to witness, and pour out from their pure  
spirits a deep and full 'amen'.  
(1)

Miss Havergal was one of our modern queens of hymnody and as such, worthy of all honor. Her testimony is that her poems came to her without effort, as a breath from heaven. Her words are: "I can never set myself to write verse. I believe my King suggests a thought and whispers me a musical line or two, and then I look up and thank Him delightedly, and go on with it".

Some of Miss Havergal's hymns are:

Take My Life and Let it Be.  
 To Thee, O Comforter Divine  
 From Glory Unto Glory! Be this our Joyous Song  
 Thou art Coming, O My Savior  
 Golden Harps are Sounding  
 God in Heaven, Hear Our Singing  
 Lord Speak To Me, That I May Speak  
 (A Worker's prayer)  
 I Could not Do Without Thee  
 I Gave My Life for Thee  
 (1)

This last hymn was suggested by the motto over the head of Christ in the picture "Ecco Homo" in the art gallery of Dusseldorf, Prussia, where she was at school in her youth. The motto was, "I did this for thee; what doest thou for Me?" Her hymn runs:

"I gave my life for thee,  
 My precious blood I shed,  
 That thou might'st ransomed be  
 And quickened from the dead.  
 I gave my life for thee;  
 What hast thou given for me?"

Miss Havergal was a poet, composer, and accomplished linguist. But she had frail health. She said "Writing is praying (2) for me". She died in the prime of womanhood, June 3, 1879.

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1. Bodine, Wm. Budd "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", p. 213
  2. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of the Hymn and Hymn Tunes", pp 154-155.



12

From her consecrated girlhood to the hour of her death,  
her prayer was that her life might be an anthem unto her  
(1)  
Redeemer.

21. Hernamen, Claudia Frances (1838-1898)

Mrs. Hernamen wrote a strong Lenten hymn beginning:

"Lord! who throughout these forty days,  
For us didst fast and pray,  
Teach us with Thee to mourn our sins,  
And close by Thee to stay."

She was the daughter of W. H. Ibotson, for some time  
Vicar of Edwinstowe, Notts. She was born at Addlestone,  
Surrey, October 19, 1838. In September 1858 she married Rev.  
J. W. D. Hernaman an Inspector of Schools.

Mrs. Hernamen composed more than one hundred and fifty  
hymns, a great number of which are for children; also some  
translations from the Latin.

Her publications include:

- "The Child's Book of Praise, A Manual of Devotion",  
edited by Rev. James Skinner, 1873.
- "The Story of the Resurrection", 1879.
- "Christmas Story", 1881.
- "Christmas Carols for Children"  
First series 1884  
Second Series 1885
- "The Way of The Cross, A Metrical Litany", 1885
- "Hymns for the Seven Words from the Cross", 1885
- "The Crown of Life: A Volume of Verses for the  
Seasons of the Church", 1886 (2)

Some of her hymns appearing in her "Child's Book of  
Praise", 1873 were:

- 
- 1. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs From the Hearts of Women", p. 216
  - 2. Bodine, Wm. Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", p. 226



From her...  
...  
(1)  
...

M. Newman, Elizabeth (1833-1893)

... Newman ...

"Lord, who ...  
For ...  
Teach us ...  
And ..."

... daughter of ...

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

"The ... of ..."

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

... Newman ...

"Behold, behold He cometh"--Advent  
 "Jesus, in loving worship"--Holy Communion  
 "Jesus, Royal Jesus"--Palm Sunday  
 "Lord, I have sinned, but pardon me"--Penitence  
 "Lord, Who Thruout these forty days"--Lent  
 "Reverently we worship Thee"--Holy Trinity

In her "Hymns for Little Ones", 1884, we find

"Hosannah, they were crying"--Advent

In her "Christmas Carol", 1875, we find

"Angels singing, Church bells ringing"--  
 Christmas Carol

In her "Story of the Resurrection", 1879 we find

"Early with the blush of dawn"--Easter  
 "Now the six days' work is done"--Sunday  
 (1)

Mrs. Hernaman also contributed hymns to various magazines. Her translations in the "Altar Hymnal" are annotated under their Latin first lines. There is also her "Good Shepherd" hymn in three parts.

1. "Faithful Shepherd of Thine Own"
2. "Faithful Shepherd, Hear our Cry"
3. "Shepherd, Why Thy life didst Give"

This appeared in "Hymns for the Children of the Church", 1878 and in the "Altar Hymnal", 1884. She died October 10, 1898.

## 22. Hemans, Felicia. (1766-1845)

Mrs. Hemans was born in Liverpool, England in 1766.

"Father! that in the olive shade,  
 When the dark hour came on,  
 Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,  
 Strengthen Thy Son:

Oh, by the anguish of that night,  
 Send us down blest relief;  
 Or to the chastened, let Thy might  
 Hallow this grief!

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1. Julian, "A Dictionary of Hymnology", p. 514.





And Thou that, when the starry sky  
Saw the dread strife begun,  
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,  
'Thy will be done'.

By Thy meek Spirit, Thou, of all  
That e'er have mourned, the chief  
Thou Sufferer! if the stroke must fall,  
Hallow this grief."

While Mrs. Hemans sat at the deathbed of her mother,  
this prayer hymn found expression.

There is a tone of sadness in many of her lines. Probably her most plaintive hymn is the closing portion of her poem on "The Funeral Day of Walter Scott":

"Lowly and solemn be  
Thy children's cry, to Thee,  
Father Divine!  
A hymn of suppliant breath,  
Owing that life and death  
Alike are Thine.

Another, supposed to be sung over the bier of Ximena, the daughter of Gonzalez. Those lines are inscribed on the monument that marks the resting place of Mrs. Hemans in St. Anne's Church yard, Dublin:

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair Spirit, rest thee now!  
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath!  
Soul to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die."

Captain Hemans, her husband, had left for Italy in 1818, presumably on account of ill health, leaving his wife to support and educate five sons. They never met again. Her health declined, but she devoted all the strength she had to her sons' education. She spent some years in North Wales and in Lancashire.



And then, when the party  
Has the great white  
In the distance, looking  
'They will be here.'

By the great spirit, then, of all  
That ever have occurred, the only  
Then, after, if the distance  
Halt, and wait.

While the distance and the distance of the party.

This gives you some expression.

There is a sense of distance in every of the lines. Prob-

ably the most distinctive feature is the distance of the

poem on "The Distance of the Party".

'And the distance of  
The distance of the party  
The distance of the party  
A sense of distance  
The distance of the party  
The distance of the party  
The distance of the party

Another, suggested by the distance of the party.

The distance of the party. The distance of the party

Another, suggested by the distance of the party.

Another, suggested by the distance of the party.

'And the distance of  
The distance of the party  
The distance of the party  
The distance of the party  
The distance of the party  
The distance of the party  
The distance of the party

'And the distance of  
The distance of the party  
The distance of the party  
The distance of the party  
The distance of the party  
The distance of the party  
The distance of the party

Another, suggested by the distance of the party.

Another, suggested by the distance of the party.

Another, suggested by the distance of the party.

Another, suggested by the distance of the party.

Another, suggested by the distance of the party.

In 1831 she went to Dublin and after a painful illness died at the early age of forty two years.

Walter Scott said to her in parting, "There are some whom we meet and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin, and you are one of these".<sup>(1)</sup>

Reading an account of the "Landing of The pilgrims", Mrs. Hemans was inspired to write a poem. An autographed copy is seen in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, Mass.

"The breaking waves dashed high, on a stern  
and rock bound coast,  
And the woods against the stormy sky, their  
giant branches tossed,  
And the heavy night hung dark, the hills  
and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark on  
the wild New England Shore."

These lines have touched the hearts of millions of Americans.

### 23. Leeson, Jane Elizabeth. 1815-1883

"Saviour, teach me, day by day,  
Love's sweet lesson to obey;  
Sweeter lesson cannot be,  
Loving Him who first loved me".

Miss Leeson made a splendid contribution to children's hymnody when she brought forth this hymn. Another one, but not so popular, is:

"Sweet the lessons Jesus taught,  
When to Him fond parents brought  
Babes for whom they blessing sought--  
Little ones, like me".

Miss Leeson, altho greatly gifted, never sought great things for herself. Her life began in England in 1815 and closed in 1883. She published "Hymns and Scenes of Childhood".

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1. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs from the Hearts of Women", pp. 60-63



In 1891 she went to London and after a painful illness died  
at the early age of thirty and years.

William Scott said to her in passing, "There are some  
show women, and should like your letter to their friends."  
He, and not one of them.

Reading the account of the trial of the "Widow of Walsingham,"  
Harris was inspired to write a poem. An anticipated copy is  
sent to William Scott, Plymouth, Mass.

"The morning never dawned bright, on a storm  
and took down the  
And the world seemed to be empty of their  
glad presence  
and the heart that knew the life  
and beauty of it,  
When a band of ladies moved their feet in  
the old New England style."

These lines have touched the hearts of millions of Americans.

W. Harris, Jane Kirkpatrick, 1891-1892

"Brevity, teach me, lay by thy  
lovely words, to show  
thyself, I am not  
loving you, I am not."

Miss Leeson had a splendid reputation in this  
country when she brought forth this poem. Another one, but not

as popular, is:

"Sweet the London town tonight,  
when to him fond words brought  
kisses and when they blossomed sweet--  
little ones, little ones."

Miss Leeson, with greatly altered, never recanted  
lines for herself. Her life began in England in 1815 and  
closed in 1865. She published "Poems and Stories of Childhood."

At first she had all her works published anonymously. She was a member of the Church of England, but late in life joined the Church of Rome. (1)

24. Luke, Mrs. Jeminia. 1813--?

To the wife of an English Congregational minister we owe that most familiar children's hymn, the complete form of which is:

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,  
I should like to have been with him then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when he said,  
'Let the little ones come unto Me'.

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in His love;  
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven,  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven'.

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home;  
I should like them to know there is room for  
them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that glorious time  
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime  
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest."

Mrs. Luke prepared this hymn in a stage coach while riding to Poundsford Park, with her intention of rising it in

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1. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs from the Hearts of Women", pp 113-115.



at first she had not been published anywhere. The  
was a member of the Church of England, but later in life  
(1)  
joined the Church of Rome.

Dr. Luke, Mrs. Lancelotti, 1871-1872

In the wife of an English Congregational minister as  
one last most familiar of children's hymns, the complete form of  
which is:

"I think when I was small I used to sing of this,  
When I was very young and gay,  
How He called little children as Jesus to His fold,  
I thought like to have been with Him then.  
I think when the Sunday was over I used to sing,  
That His arm had been round me,  
And that I might have seen His kind face when He said,  
'Let the little ones come unto Me'.

Yes, call to the children in prayer I may do,  
But not for a word in the song;  
And if I can remember with the words,  
I shall see His and hear His voice.

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare  
For all who are called and forgiven,  
And rest their souls from the wearying here,  
'Till at last in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Her little voice and her innocent who answer and say,  
How much of that heavenly home;  
I should like to have been in that room for  
them all,  
And that Jesus had said to me.

I long for the day of that glorious time  
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime  
Shall stand in His arms and be blessed.

Mrs. Luke presented this poem in a stage school while  
visiting to Pennsylvania, and her reputation of which is in

the village mission school, which she had just visited, having been impressed by the poor children there. Its purpose was to awaken religious feeling in the hearts of youth, acting as a guide to the natural childlike interest in the incident of Christ's life most appealing to children.

Mrs. Luke was born at Rolebrook Terrace, near London, August 19, 1813, daughter of Thomas Islington. She was very accomplished and did a great deal in behalf of the poor.

Many composers have set her hymn to music. Newest church collection gives it the air of "Athens", noting the tune as a Greek melody. The tune commonly used is of uncertain authorship. (3)

We wish that Mrs. Luke had been inspired to write more than this one hymn.

25. Mackay, Mrs. Margaret. 1801--

Mrs. Mackay saw on a tombstone in a country churchyard the words: "Asleep in Jesus". At once there leaped into being the hymn, beginning

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wakes to weep  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes. (1)

Mrs. Margaret Mackay was born in 1801, daughter of Capt. Robert Mackay of Hedgefield, Iwerness, and wife of a major of the same name. She was the author of several prose works and "Days of Leisure Hours", containing seventy-two original hymns and poems of which "Asleep in Jesus" is one. She died in 1887. (2)

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1. Bodine, Wm. Budd. "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", p. 227
  2. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of the Hymn and Hymn Tunes", p. 499.
  3. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs from The Hearts of Women", p. 111



The village mission school, which she had just visited, having been impressed by the poor children there. The purpose was to awaken religious feeling in the hearts of youth, and as a guide to the natural scientific interest in the incident of Christ's life most appealing to children.

Mrs. Lake was born at Hopedale, Vermont, near London, August 19, 1843, daughter of Thomas H. Lake. She was very accomplished and did a great deal in behalf of the poor. Many suggestions have not been given to music. Her church collection given at the aid of "Athena", noting the time as a Greek melody. The song possibly used is of ancient date. (3)  
It was said that Mrs. Lake had been inspired to write more than this one hymn.

St. Mark's, Mrs. Carpenter. 1801--

Mrs. Carpenter was on a trip to a country elsewhere the words: "Athena in Jesus". At once these words came into being the hymn, beginning

Athena in Jesus, blessed sleep!  
From which have ever words to wear  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the least of cares. (1)

Mrs. Carpenter's hymn was born in 1801, daughter of Capt. Robert Carpenter of Hopedale, Vermont, and wife of a major of the same name. She was the author of several prose works and "Days of Delancey Hester", containing seventy-two original hymns and poems of which "Athena in Jesus" is one. She died in 1837. (2)

1. Bodine, Wm. H. "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", p. 237.  
2. Brown and Hester, "The Story of the Hymn and Hymn Writers", p. 499.  
3. Smith, William, "Songs from the Hymns of Women", p. 111.

Her hymn "Asleep in Jesus", written in 1832, remains one of the most beloved funeral hymns today. The melody is that of Bradbury's "Rest" written in 1843.

26. Maude, Mrs. Mary Fowler.

One of the best Confirmation hymns ever written was

"Thine forever! God of love,  
Hear us from Thy throne above;  
Thine forever may we be,  
Here, and in eternity.

Thine forever; Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife;  
Thou the life, the truth, the way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine forever; Oh, how bless'd  
They who find in Thee their rest!  
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,  
Oh, defend us to the end.

Thine forever! Saviour, keep  
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine forever: Thou our guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied,  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven".

Mrs. Maude was the daughter of George Henry Hooper of Stanmore, Middlesex, England. She was married in 1841 to Rev. Joseph Maude, for some time vicar of Chirk, near Ruabon, and Hon. Canon of St. Asaph who died Feb. 1887.

Her hymns were published in her "Twelve Letters on Confirmation", 1848, and in "Memorials of Past Years", 1852. Her best known hymn is "Thine forever, God of love". Of it she says: "It was written in 1847 for my class in the Girls Sunday School of St. Thomas, Newport, Isle of Wight, and published in 1848 at the beginning of a little book called "Twelve Letters





on Confirmation" by a Sunday School Teacher, and reprinted in the 'Memorials' 1852.

As a hymn for confirmation its use is extensive. The omitted stanzas are:

Thine forever in that day  
When the world shall pass away;  
When the trumpet note shall sound,  
And the nations underground

Shall the awful summons hear,  
Which proclaims the judgment near.  
Thine forever! 'Neath thy wings  
Hide and save us, King of King".

(1)

27. Mills, Mrs. Elizabeth.

"We speak of the land of the blest,  
A country so bright and so fair,  
And oft are its glories confest,  
But what must it be to be there!

\* \* \* \* \*

"We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials without and within,  
But what must it be to be there!"

We have some authors who sing us but one song and die.

The one hymn of Mrs. Mills, "We Speak of the Realms of the Blest", her only piece of work, has long outlived her. It has found itself in Sunday Schools through its music, written by George Coles Stebbins, co-editor with Sankey and McGranahan of "Gospel Hymns".

Mrs. Mills was born at Stoke Newington, England in 1805.

She was the wife of Thomas Mills. Her only hymn was written just a short time before she died at Finsbury Place, London. Her death occurred at the early age of twenty-four on April 21, 1839. (2)

1. Julian, A Dictionary of Hymnology, p. 720

2. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of the Hymn and Hymn Tunes", p. 307.



on Constitution" by a Sunday School Teacher, and reprinted in

the "Memorial" 1871.

As a hymn for constitution its use is extensive. The only

and others are:

"Time never in this day  
When the world shall pass away;  
When the trumpet shall sound,  
And the nations be gathered

And the world be gathered,  
When the trumpet shall sound,  
And the nations be gathered,  
And the world be gathered,  
And the nations be gathered,  
And the world be gathered,

(1)

W. Wills, Mrs. W. Wills.

"We speak of the land of the living,  
A country of living and of love,  
And of the living and of love,  
And of the living and of love,  
And of the living and of love,  
And of the living and of love,

"We speak of the living and of love,  
From earth, from heaven, and from  
From earth, from heaven, and from  
From earth, from heaven, and from  
From earth, from heaven, and from  
From earth, from heaven, and from

To have some, others who also are not and the

The one form of W. Wills, the other of the other of the other

not only place of work, but also of the other of the other

in Canada through the work of the other of the other

W. Wills, the other of the other of the other of the other

Mrs. Wills was born at Stone Mountain, England in 1802.

She was the wife of Thomas Wills. Her only son was written

Just a short time before she died at Stone Mountain, London. Her

death occurred at the early age of twenty-four on April 11, 1830.

1. Wills, A. Dictionary of Biography, p. 720

2. Wills and Wills, The Story of the Wills and Wills

28. Parr, Harriet. 1828

Hear our prayer, O Heavenly Father  
 Ere we lay us down to sleep;  
 Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,  
 Round our bed their vigils keep.

Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy  
 Far outweighs them every one;  
 Down before the Cross we cast them,  
 Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep us through this night of peril  
 Safe beneath its sheltering shade;  
 Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,  
 When our pilgrimage is made.

None can measure out Thy patience  
 By the span of human thought;  
 None can bound the tender mercies  
 Which Thy holy Son has bought.

Pardon all our past transgressions,  
 Give us strength for days to come;  
 Guide and guard us with Thy blessing,  
 Till Thine angels bear us home. (1)

In 1856 there was published a tale entitled, "The Wreck of the Golden Mary", written by a lady who keeps herself in much reserve; she then lived in York, England and was known by the literary name of 'Holm Lee'. Miss Parr has always concealed her identity under this pen-name.

In this story some shipwrecked sailors and passengers are floating around, night and day, shelterless, upon the sea in an open boat; the vessel struck an iceberg and had already gone down; no land, no help in sight, no hope. They fell to telling incidents of their previous lives, and one of them, Dick Tarrant by name, a wild youth in his best, breaks out with the question, 'What can it be that brings all these old things over my mind? There is a child's hymn I and Tom used to sing at my



When the prayer, O Heavenly Father  
Give us Thy love to keep;  
And Thy angels, pure and holy,  
Round us and their vigils keep.

Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy  
For outwearing them every day;  
From before the cross we stand, O God,  
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep us through this night of peril  
Safe beneath the sheltering wings;  
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,  
When our pilgrimage is done.

None are without our Thy presence  
By the grace of Jesus Christ;  
None can board the tender mercies  
Which Thy love has brought.

Person all our heart's desire,  
Give us strength for every day;  
Guide and guard us with Thy blessing,  
Till Thy angels bear us home. (A)

In 1935 there was published a little booklet, "The Wreck  
of the Golden Breeze", written by a lady of a happy household in  
which residence, who then lived in York, England and was known by  
the literary name of "John Doe". This lady has always been  
not identified under this pen-name.

In this story some shipwrecked sailors and passengers  
are floating around, night and day, exhausted, upon the sea  
in an open boat; the vessel struck an iceberg and has already  
gone down; no land, no help in sight, no hope. They tell of  
various incidents of their previous lives, and one of them, who  
suffered by name, a little youth in his last, breaks out with the  
question, "What can it be but chance all these old things over  
my windy thoughts a child's dream I and too used to sleep at my

mother's knee when we were little ones, keeps running through my thoughts. It's the stars maybe; there was a little window by my bed that I used to watch them at, a window in my room at home in Cheshire, and if I were ever afraid, as boys will be after reading a good ghost-story, I would keep on saying it until I fell asleep'. Then another took up the conversation: 'That was a good mother of yours, Dick, could you say that hymn now, do you think? Some of us might like to hear it! Then the sailor replied: 'It is clear in my mind at this minute as if my mother was here listening to me'. And so he repeated this wonderful little poem. It was evidently composed for the story in a magazine for we know of no other religious song by the same writer. But it proved so pathetic and beautiful that each writer was touched by it and at last it was caught up for real use by the compilers and transferred to their hymn books". (1)

29. Prentiss, Elizabeth. 1818-1878.

More love to Thee, O Christ,  
 More love to Thee!  
 Hear Thou the prayer I make  
 On bended knee;  
 This is my earnest plea,  
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
 More love to Thee.

This is an ideal hymn-prayer, and has probably been honored by more recognition than any other. Mrs. Prentiss was the daughter of Dr. Edward Payson of Portland, Maine. She married Professor George Lewis Prentiss, a Presbyterian minister. Mrs. Prentiss failed in health and on August 13, 1878 died.

Her great prose achievement was "Stepping Heavenward", but her one hymn will make her live. It was written during a siege of great sorrow, so hastily that the fifth line of the last

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1. Boodine, Wm. Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", pp 228-229





stanza was incomplete. Fourteen years later she showed it to her husband for the first time and added the missing line in pencil. After some persuasion, she permitted the printing of it for distribution among friends. <sup>(1)</sup>

30. Procter, Adelaide Anne. 1825-1864 (English Roman Catholic)

Adelaide Procter was authoress of the well known and delightful 'Legends and Lyrics' to which after her death, her friend Charles Dickens, prefixed a beautiful and touching sketch of her life, in which the following incident is recorded: "In the spring of the year 1853 I observed, as conductor of the weekly journal, "Household Words", a short poem among the proffered contributions, very different, as I thot, from the shoal of verses perpetually seething thru the office of such a periodical and possessing much more merit. Its authoress was quite unknown to me. She was one Miss Mary Berwick, whom I had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, if addressed at all, at a circulating library in the western district of London. Through this channel Miss Berwick was informed that her poem was accepted, and was invited to send another. She complied and became a regular and frequent contributor. Many letters passed between the journal and Miss Berwick, but Miss Berwick herself was never seen. How we came gradually to establish at the office of "Household Words" that we knew all about Miss Berwick I have never discovered. But we settled somehow to our complete satisfaction, that she was governess in a family; that she went to Italy in that capacity and returned; and that she had long been in the same family.

1. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs From the Hearts of Women", pp.120-122



attached was incomplete. Twenty-two years after the subject is to  
her husband for the first time and added the missing piece in  
pencil. After some hesitation, she permitted the printing of  
(1)  
is for distribution among friends.

30. Thomas, Adelaide Anne. 1825-1864. (English Roman Catholic)  
Adelaide Anne Thomas was a daughter of the well known and  
celebrated Thomas and Anne, to which name her family, but  
which Anne Thomas, published a beautiful and touching story  
of her life, in which the following incident is recorded: "In  
the spring of the year 1858 I discovered, on examination of the  
family journal, the following story, a short story from the pro-  
fessing contributions, very different, as I find, from the story  
of various particularly excellent into the office of such a per-  
fection and possessing such a quality. The author was an  
quite unknown to me. She was one Miss Mary Herbert, who I  
had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, it  
appeared at all, as a circulating library in the western dis-  
trict of London. Through this channel Miss Herbert was in-  
formed that her poem was accepted, and was included in some  
another. She supplied and became a regular and frequent con-  
tributor. Many letters passed between the journal and Miss  
Herbert, and Miss Herbert herself was never seen. Thus we came  
gradually to establish at the office of "Romantic Works" that  
we knew all about Miss Herbert. I have never discovered. But  
we noticed someone so our complete satisfaction, that she was  
known as a lady; that she went to Italy in that capacity  
and returned; and that she had been in the same family.  
I. Mrs. Thomas, Thomas Anne Herbert of London, 1825-1864.

We really knew nothing whatever of her, except that she was remarkably businesslike, punctual, self reliant, and reliable, so I suppose we insensibly invented the rest. My mother was not a more real personage to me than Miss Berwick, the governess, became. This went on until December 1854, when the Christmas number entitled "The Seven Poor Travelers" was sent to press. Happening to begoing to dine that day with an old and dear friend distinguished in literature as Barry Cornwall, I took with me an early proof of that number and remarked, as I laid it on the drawing room table that it contained a very pretty poem, written by a certain Miss Berwick. Next day brought me the disclosure that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence; that I had no such correspondent in existence as Miss Berwick and that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, Miss Adelaide Anne Procter<sup>(1)</sup>

Those readers of Miss Procter's poems who should suppose from their tone that her mind was of a gloomy or despondent cast would be curiously mistaken. She was exceedingly humorous, and had a great delight in humor. Cheerfulness was habitual with her, she was very ready at a sally or a reply and in her laugh there was an unusual vivacity, enjoyment and sense of drollery. She was perfectly unconstrained and unaffected; as modestly silent about her productions as she was generous with their pecuniary results. She was a friend who inspired the strongest attachments; she was a finely sympathetic woman, with a great accordant heart and a sterling noble nature.<sup>(2)</sup>

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1. Bodine, Wm. Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", p. 219-220
  2. Ibid, p. 220.



As really when nothing shorter of her, except that she was  
tactically unassailable, prompt, self-reliant, and reliable,  
so I suppose an immensely talented one too. The matter was  
not a mere test, however, to me than Miss Barker, the governor  
himself. This went on until December 1894, when the Christian  
leader called "The Good Book" Barker's was sent to press.  
Beginning to believe it better to give than to ask, I took with me  
distributed in libraries at Perry, Cornwall, I took with me  
an early proof of this number and returned, as I said, to the  
drawing room table where it contained a very pretty poem, written  
by a certain Miss Barker. How day brought me the disclosure  
that I had an edition of the book to the owner of the written  
its artist's statement, that I had to send correspondence in ex-  
istence as Miss Barker and that the book had been announced by  
(1)  
Barker Barker's sister, Barker Barker, Barker Barker Barker.  
Those readers of Miss Barker's poems who should suggest  
from their page that her mind was of a flying or independent  
sort would be seriously mistaken. She was exceptionally handsome  
and had a great delight in her. Her handwriting was beautiful  
with her, she was very ready at a reply or a reply and in her  
laugh there was an unusual vivacity, enjoyment and sense of the  
joy. She was perfectly unobtrusive and unaffected, as a matter  
silent about her production as she was generous with their  
generally ready. She was a friend who inspired the strongest  
affection; she was a finely sympathetic woman, with a great  
(2)  
a certain heart and a sterling noble nature.

Always impelled by an intense conviction that her life must not be dreamed away and that her indulgence in her favorite pursuits must be balanced by action in the real world around her, she was indefatigable in her endeavors to do some good. She devoted herself to a variety of benevolent objects. Now it was the visitation of the sick that had possession of her; now it was the sheltering of the houseless; now it was the elementary teaching of the densely ignorant; now, it was the raising up of those who had wandered and were trodden under foot; now, it was the wider employment of her own sex in the general business of life; now, it was all these things at once. Perfectly unselfish, swift to sympathize and eager to relieve, she wrought at such designs with a flushed earnestness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest. The time came when she could move about no longer. She lay upon her bed through fifteen months. In all that time her old cheerfulness never quitted her. In all that time not an impatient or a querulous minute can be remembered. At length at midnight, on the 2nd of February 1864, she turned down a leaf of a little book she was reading and shut it up. The ministering hand that had copied the verses into the tiny album was soon around her neck, and she quietly asked, as the clock was on the stroke of one, 'Do you think I am dying, Mamma?' 'I think you are very, very ill tonight, my dear.' 'Send for my sister. My feet are so cold. Lift me up.'

Her sister entering as they raised her, she said, 'It has come at last! And with a bright and happy smile looked upward and departed.



Always impelled by an intense conviction that her life  
must not be framed away and that her intelligence in her favor-  
ite pursuit must be released by action in the real world  
around her, she was indistinguishable in her endeavors to do some  
good. She devoted herself to a variety of benevolent objects.  
Now it was the visitation of the sick that had possessed of her  
now it was the sheltering of the homeless; now it was the  
elementary teaching of the dumbly ignorant; now it was the  
raising up of those who had wandered and were trodden under foot.  
Now, it was the wider employment of her own sex in the general  
business of life; now, it was all these things at once. Her  
heart unobscured, quick to sympathize and eager to relieve, she  
grew at each season with a flood of enterprises that dis-  
tributed wisdom, cheer, love of day or night, food, rest. The  
time came when she could give almost no thought. The day upon her  
bed through fifteen months. In all that time but one cheerful-  
ness never quitted her. In all that time not an impatient or  
a restless minute can be remembered. At length at midnight  
on the 3rd of February 1884, she bowed down a last of a lifetime  
back she was reaching and she is up. The ministering hand that  
had guided the vessel into the tiny cabin was soon around her  
neck, and she eagerly asked, as the alarm was on the stroke of  
one, 'Do you think I am dying, Emma?' 'I think you are very  
very ill tonight, my dear,' 'Good for my sister. My feet are  
so cold. Lift me up.'

Her sister entering as they raised her, she said, 'It  
has come at last! And with a bright and happy smile looked  
upward and departed.

Well had she written:

Why shouldst thou fear the beautiful angel, Death,  
Who waits thee at the portals of the skies,  
Ready to kiss away thy struggling breath,  
Ready with gentle hand to close thine eyes?

Oh, what were life, if life were all? Thine eyes  
Are blinded by their tears, or thou wouldst see  
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,  
And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee".  
(1)

Miss Procter was born in Bedford Square, London, October 30, 1825, daughter of Bryan Waller Procter. In 1851 she entered the Roman communion and died in London February 2, 1864.

Her early age showed very unusual intellectual powers. Later she became greatly skilled in music and languages. She published in 1858 "Legends and Lyrics, A Book of Verse", and an enlarged edition in 1862.

Probably her best known hymn is "I thank Thee, O my God, Who Made". In several collections it begins in an altered form, "My God, I thank Thee, Who Hast Made". In still others, it appears, "Our God, we thank Thee, who hast made". Of the hymn, Bishop Bickerelith 1876 said, "This most beautiful hymn by Miss Procter 1858 touches the chord of thankfulness in trial, as perhaps no other hymn does, and is thus most useful for the visitation of the sick".

"My God, I thank Thee, who hast made  
The earth so bright, so full of splendor and of joy,  
Beauty and light;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right". (2)

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1. Bodine, Wm. Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", p. 221-222
  2. Smith, H. Augustine, "American Student Hymnal," No. 204



well had the witness:

My attention was drawn to the beautiful angel, Jesus,  
who was then at the point of the altar,  
and I saw him with a beautiful halo,  
and I saw him with a beautiful halo.

On that day, it was a very fine day,  
and I saw him with a beautiful halo,  
and I saw him with a beautiful halo,  
and I saw him with a beautiful halo.

(1)

Miss Proctor was born in Bedford Square, London, October  
30, 1835, daughter of John Proctor. In 1851 she entered  
the Roman Catholic and was in London February 2, 1854.

Her early life showed very unusual intellectual powers.

Later she became greatly interested in theosophy. She  
published in 1857 "Theosophy and Mysticism, a Book of Verses," and  
an enlarged edition in 1861.

Probably her best known hymn is "Thank Thee, O my God,

Who Heav'n's In secret contemplation is looking in an altered

form, my God, I thank Thee, who Heav'n's In secret contemplation is looking in an altered

form, my God, I thank Thee, who Heav'n's In secret contemplation is looking in an altered

form, my God, I thank Thee, who Heav'n's In secret contemplation is looking in an altered

form, my God, I thank Thee, who Heav'n's In secret contemplation is looking in an altered

form, my God, I thank Thee, who Heav'n's In secret contemplation is looking in an altered

form, my God, I thank Thee, who Heav'n's In secret contemplation is looking in an altered

"My God, I thank Thee, who Heav'n's In secret contemplation is looking in an altered

The earth so bright, so full of splendor and of joy,

Heavenly and bright;

So many glorious things are here,

Gods and rights." (2)

1. Boston, W. W. Webb, "Theosophy and Mysticism, a Book of Verses," p. 121-122

2. Boston, W. W. Webb, "Theosophy and Mysticism, a Book of Verses," p. 121-122

Other hymns of hers are:

"I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be", 1862

One of her most widely used hymns

"One by one the sands are going on the links of life", 1858

"Rise, for the day is passing" Legends, 1858

This is sometimes given as "Arise, the day is passing.

"Strive; yet I do not promise"--Legends, 1858

"The way is long and dreary"--On the Life of a Pilgrimage Legends 1858

"The Shadows of the evening hours"--Evening. Legends 1862

"We ask for peace, O Lord"--Peace with God. Legends, 1858.

(1)

### 31. Saxby, Jane Euphemia

"Show me the way, O Lord,  
And make it plain;  
I would obey Thy word  
Speak yet again;

I will not take one step until I know  
Which way it is that Thou wouldst have me go.

O Lord, I cannot see;  
Vouchsafe me light;  
The mist bewilders me,  
Impedes my sight;  
Hold Thou my hand, and lead me by Thy side;  
I dare not go alone, --be Thou my Guide.

I will be patient, Lord,  
Trustful and still;  
I will not doubt Thy Word;  
My hopes fulfill;  
How can I perish, clinging to Thy side,  
My Comforter, my Saviour, and my Guide?

This is perhaps the best hymn written on "Guidance" in English hymnology.



Other means of new life:

"I do not ask, O Lord, that life may pass, 1932

One of the most widely used hymns  
"One by one the saints are going on the lines of  
life," 1932

"Alas, for the day is passing, 1932  
This is a wonderful hymn as a whole, the day is  
passing."

"Baptism: Yes I am and promise" -- 1932

"The way is long and dreary" -- on the life of a  
Pilgrim's journey 1932

"The Narrative of the journey of the -- 1932

"I seek for peace, O Lord" -- 1932

### III. Baptism, the beginning

"I am the way, O Lord,  
And now I am  
I would have you know  
I will not let you go until I know  
Which way it is that I must have you go."

O Lord, I cannot see;  
Vouchsafe me light;  
The night is dark and dreary;  
I cannot see my way;  
Hold thou my hand, and lead me by Thy side;  
I have not a stone, -- the Lord my guide.

I will be patient, Lord;  
Trustful and still;  
I will not doubt Thy word;  
My hopes fulfill;  
Now and I feel, drawing to Thy side,  
My comforter, my Saviour, and my Guide.

This is perhaps the best hymn written on "Guidance in

Christian Mysticism."

Mrs. Saxby was the daughter of Wm. Browne of Tallantire Hall, Cumberland, England. In 1862 she married Rev. S. H. Saxby, vicar of East Clovendon, Somerset. In 1875 and 1876 two volumes of new poems were published, but later than that we know nothing of her. We do know, however, that she was, like many others a great sufferer, and wrote most of her works while in distress.<sup>(1)</sup>

### 32. Steele, Anne 1716-1778

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise.

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

The tune "Naomi" came almost a hundred years later, 1836, arranged from Johann G. Naegelli by Lowell Mason. The appropriateness of this tune for the words augurs well for its place thru the years to come in the hearts of men.

Originally this hymn had ten stanzas, but only the last three are in use today. It was written in 1760.

Miss Steele was the daughter of a Baptist minister. She was born in 1716 at Broughton, Hampshire, England. Her whole life was spent in her father's parsonage and she died there

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1. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs From the Hearts of Women", pp98-100.



Mrs. Eddy was the daughter of Dr. Brown of Salisbury  
Hill, Hampshire, England. In 1895 she married Rev. S. R.  
Eddy, vicar of St. Andrew's, Bournemouth. In 1905 and 1906  
two volumes of her papers were published, but later than that  
we know nothing of her. We do know, however, that she was  
the many others a great writer, and wrote much of her work  
(1)  
in this direction.

21. Steele, Anne 1815-1878

Further, what is of earthly value  
The heavenly will desire;  
Associated as the voice of grace  
Let this petition rise.  
Give me a wife, a faithful heart,  
That every moment I may  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend;  
Thy grace be through my journey mine,  
And crown my journey's end.

The late "Woman" came almost a hundred years later, 1868,  
attributed to John G. Whipple by Joseph Mason. The ap-  
propriateness of this time for the words suggests well for its  
place from the year to year in the hearts of men.  
Originally this hymn had ten stanzas, but only the last  
three are in use today. It was written in 1790.  
Miss Steele was the daughter of a Baptist minister. She  
was born in 1716 at Broomfield, Hampshire, England. Her whole  
life was spent in her father's parsonage and she died there

I. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs From the Hearts of Women", pp. 100-101.

November 1778. Her life was one of physical suffering. Added to this misfortune was the mental grief due to the drowning of her intended husband the day before they were to be married. Under this heavy sorrow of her loss, she wrote this famous hymn, "Father, whate'er of earthly bliss".

In 1760 and 1780, volumes of her works in verse and prose were published with her name "Theodosia", and reprinted in 1863 as "Hymns, Psalms and Poems" by Anne Steele. Other hymns from her pen were:

"Dear Refuge of my weary soul".  
 "Lord, how mysterious are Thy ways"  
 "O Thou whose tender mercy hears"  
 "Thou lovely Source of true delight".  
 "Alas, what hourly dangers rise".  
 "So fades the lovely blooming flower" (1)

Under date of November 29, 1757, her father wrote: "This day Nanny sent a poem of her composition to London to be printed. I entreat a gracious God, who enabled and stirred her up to such a work, to direct it, and bless it for the good and comfort of many". The prayer was abundantly answered.

In 1808 the congregation of Trinity Church, Boston, having grown tired of singing Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms with only twenty-seven hymns appended, the vestry of that church ventured upon a hymnal for parochial use. One third of the hymns contained herein were written by Miss Steele, who was the first of her sex to gain large recognition as a writer of hymns, and who is still the most generally accepted hymn writer among millions of the people called Baptists.

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1. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of the Hymn and Hymn Tunes", pp 197, 198.



November 1775. Her life was one of physical suffering. Added to this misfortune the mental grief due to the knowledge of her intended husband the day before they were to be married. Under this heavy burden of her loss, she wrote this famous hymn, "Father, where'er of earthly bliss."

In 1780 and 1781, volumes of her works in verse and prose were published with her name "Theodosia", and registered in 1805 as "Hymns, Poems and Prayers" by Anne Steele. Other hymns from her pen were:

"My Redeemer of my sins is true"  
"Lord, how mercifully art thou"  
"O thou whose tender mercy flows"  
"Thou lovely Source of love and light"  
"Alas, what heartily thankless I"  
"O Father the lovely flowering flowers" (1)

Under date of November 29, 1775, her father wrote: "This day Henry sent a poem of her composition to London to be printed. I received a letter from God, who enabled me to send her up to such a work, to direct it, and bless it for its good and comfort of many. The paper was abundantly answered. In 1800 the congregation of Trinity Church, Boston, having chosen a list of singing books and Henry's version of the Psalms with only twenty-seven hymns appended, the vestry of that church ventured upon a hymnal for parochial use. One third of the hymns contained therein were written by Anne Steele, who was the first of her sex to gain large recognition as a writer of hymns, and who is still the most generally accepted hymn writer among millions of the people called Baptists.

Father of mercies! In Thy Word  
 O Gracious God, in whom I live  
 To our Redeemer's glorious name  
 Great God, to Thee my evening son  
 Father, whate'er of Earthly Bliss. (1)

Another famous hymn written by Anne Steele is "My God,  
 my Father, blissful name".

Oh, may I call Thee mine?  
 May I with sweet assurance claim  
 A portion so divine?

The mother of Archdeacon Wilson of Manchester, England taught him when a boy to memorize good hymns. The first of the three hundred he committed to memory was this noble hymn. The Archdeacon highly commended this hymn by saying that more than all the others he carried in his memory, it entered into his bone and blood, "as the true philosophy of life and the wisest prayer".

For a century after her death Miss Steele filled a larger place in both American and British hymnbooks than any other woman. Even in later editions she ranks next to Frances Ridley Havergal and Charlotte Elliott. (2)

33. Thomson, Mary Ann. 1834--

"Now the Blessed Dayspring" --for the Feast of the  
 Annunciation  
 "O King of Saints, We Give Thee Praise and Glory"--  
 for All Saints Day

"Saviour for the Little One"--for burial of a child

One of her most popular hymns was written in 1870.

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1. Bodine, William Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", p. 222

2. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs from The Hearts of Women", pp 12-14



Another version of the story is that  
D. Thomas, who lived in the  
to the house of the  
Great God, to the  
Father, who is the  
Father, who is the

Another version of the story is that

my father, who is the

My father, who is the  
My father, who is the  
My father, who is the

The mother of the

taught him when a boy to  
three hundred and  
Archdeacon highly  
all the others he  
bone and blood, and  
prayer."

For a century after  
place in both America  
woman. Even in later  
Paternal and Maternal

12. Thomas, who is the

"How the blessed  
Annunciation  
to King of Kings, who  
for all saints

"Savior for the

One of the most popular hymns was written in 1870.

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1. Hymn, William Walsh, "Some Hymns and Verses", p. 222
  2. Hymn, Michael, "Songs from the Heart of Women", pp. 11-12

O Zion haste, thy mission high fulfilling  
 To tell to all the world that God is Light,  
 That he who made all nations is not willing  
 One soul should perish, lost in shades of night:  
 Publish glad tidings;  
 Tidings of peace;  
 Tidings of Jesus,  
 Redemption and release.

Her autobiography is: "I am an English woman and was born, baptized, and confirmed in London, and I am and for many years have been a member of the Church of the Annunciation. I am the wife of John Thomson, the Librarian of the Free Library of Phila. and he is the Accounting Warden of the Church of the Annunciation. I wrote the greater part of the hymn, 'O Zion, Haste' in the year 1868. I had written many hymns before, and one night while I was sitting up with one of my children who was ill with typhoid fever, I thot I should like to write a missionary hymn to the tune of the hymn "Hark, Hark, My Soul, Angelic Songs are Swelling", as I was fond of that tune, but as I could not then get a refrain I liked, I left the hymn unfinished and about three years later I finished it by writing the refrain which now forms part of it. By some mistake 1891, is given instead of 1871, as the date of the hymn. I do not think it is ever sung to the tune for which I wrote it. Mr. Anketell told me, and I am sure he was right, that it is better for a hymn to have a tune of its own and I feel much indebted to the author of the tune 'Tidings', for writing so inspiring a tune to my words".<sup>(1)</sup>

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1. Bodine, Wm. Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", pp 223-224.





The entire poem from which the Hymn is taken is:

Through the sins and sorrows  
Of four thousand years,  
Earth has watched and waited,  
Smiling through her tears;  
Watched to greet the dawning  
Of a brighter morn;  
Waited for a Saviour,  
Man, of woman born.

Now the blessed Dayspring  
Cometh from on high;  
Now the world's Redeemer,  
To her aid draws nigh:  
Bearer of the tidings  
From the throne of light,  
To a lowly maiden  
Speeds an angel bright.

In the chosen daughter  
Of King David's line,  
God fulfils the promise  
Of King Ahaz's reign;  
Gabriel hath spoken;  
Mary hath believed;  
And, behold, a virgin  
Hath a Son conceived.

Earthly sire He hath not;  
For the promised Rod  
Of the stem of Jesse  
Is the Son of God;  
Virgin pure the Temple  
Where he lies enshrined,  
Holy one of Jacob,  
Hope of all mankind!

Though He take our nature,  
Linked to low estate,  
Though He stoop to suffer,  
Yet shall He be great;  
Though His crown and scepter  
Be of thorn and reed,  
His shall be the Kingdom  
Sworn to David's seed.

Light to light the Gentiles  
Bending at His throne;  
Glory of His people,  
When His sway they own;  
He shall reign forever,  
King of Kings confessed,  
And all tribes and kindreds  
Shall in Him be blest.



The entire page from which this poem is taken is:

Through the air and towers  
Of our heavenly Jerusalem  
Earth has waited and waited  
Waiting through long years  
Of a brighter day  
Waiting for a Savior  
And, at noon day.

Now the blessed day  
Comes from on high  
Now the world's Redeemer  
To his old throne again  
Sits on the right  
And the throne of light  
To a lowly maiden  
Grants an angel's light.

In the chosen daughter  
Of our David's line  
God fills the promise  
Of His ancient sign  
Gabriel hails her  
Mary with joy  
And behold a virgin  
Who is sanctified.

Earth's King is born  
For the world's King  
Of the new day  
Is the Son of God  
Virgin born the world  
There he lies wrapped  
Holy one of Jacob  
Hope of all mankind!

Though he takes our nature  
Linked to low estate  
Though he stoop to suffer  
Yet shall he be great  
Though the cross and sepulchre  
Be of shame and tears  
His shall be the Kingdom  
Born to David's seed.

Light to light the Gentiles  
Sending at His throne  
Glory of His people  
For His name they own  
He shall reign forever  
King of Kings confessed  
And all tribes and kindreds  
Shall in Him be blessed.

Through the brightened ages,  
 O'er the ransomed earth,  
 All shall bless and honor  
 Her who gave Him birth;  
 Her of whom, Incarnate,  
 Came the Lord of all,  
 To uplift creation  
 From the primal fall. (1)

34. Thrupp, Mrs. Dorothy A. 1779-1847

Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us,  
 Much we need thy tender care;  
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
 For our use thy folds prepare:  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

Mrs. Dorothy A. Thrupp was born June 20, 1779, and died December 14, 1847. Her home was at Paddington Green, London. Her hymns were first published in "Selection of Poetry and Hymns for the use of Infant and Juvenile Schools" (1838) by Mrs. Herbert Mayo.

The tune accepted is "Bradbury" written by William B. Bradbury in 1856, and has popularized the hymn greatly. (2)

She was a successful writer of children's hymns. There seems to be no substantial reason for doubt as to her authorship of "The Good Shepherd" altho it had been printed in an English monthly and credited to Henry Francis Lyte, author of "Abide With Me". However this is doubtful. Some hymnals have published it anonymously, but it is most frequently ascribed to Miss Thrupp. (3)

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1. Bodine, Wm. Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", p. 225
  2. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of the Hymn and Hymn Tunes", pp 310-311
  3. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs From the Hearts of Women", pp. 34-36.



Through the first winter's snow,  
I'll be the faithful watch,  
All small things and honest  
That she gave me in life;  
Not of words, but of deeds,  
Gave me love and life,  
To guide me through  
From the first till the last.

34. Through, Mrs. Dorothy A. 1898-1899

Through, like a faithful watch,  
I'll be the faithful watch,  
In my life, I'll be the faithful watch,  
Not of words, but of deeds,  
Gave me love and life,  
To guide me through  
From the first till the last.

Mrs. Dorothy A. 1898-1899, and died  
December 14, 1947. Her home was at Washington Street, London.  
Her poems were first published in "Selection of Poems" and  
Hymns for the use of infants and juvenile scholars" (1898) by  
Mrs. Herbert May.

The hymns included in "Selection" were written by William B.  
(2) Bradbury in 1876, and are popularized the hymns.

There was a beautiful edition of children's hymns. There  
seems to be no substantial reason for doubt as to her author-  
ship of "The Good Shepherd" also it had been printed in an  
English monthly and credited to Henry Francis Lyte, author of  
"Alike with Me". However this is doubtful. Some hymnals  
have published it anonymously, but it is most frequently as-  
cribed to Miss Thorne.  
(3)

1. Bodine, W. B. and W. B. Bodine, "The Good Shepherd", p. 225
2. Bodine and W. B. Bodine, "The Good Shepherd", p. 225
3. Smith, H. H. and W. B. Bodine, "The Good Shepherd", p. 225

## 35. Waring, Anna Laetitia. 1820--

Father I know that all my life  
 Is portioned out for me,  
 The changes that will surely come  
 I do not fear to see;  
 I ask Thee for a present mind  
 Intent on pleasing Thee

This hymn of Resignation is universally known. Her other hymn is entitled "Safety in God" and can be found in most American hymnals:

"In heavenly love abiding,  
 No change my heart shall fear  
 And safe is such confiding,  
 For nothing changes here.  
 Th e storm may roar without me,  
 My heart may low be laid,  
 But God is round about me,  
 And can I be dismayed?

Miss Waring was born in South Wales in 1820. In 1850 she published "Hymns and Meditations". Much of her life was spent in struggling and pain. She was a member of the Friends Society. As late as 1898 she lived near Bristol, England. <sup>(1)</sup>

## 36. Williams, Helen Maria 1762-1827.

While Thee I seek, protecting Power!  
 Be my vain wishes stilled;  
 And may this consecrated hour  
 With better hopes be filled.  
 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,  
 To Thee my thoughts would soar;  
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
 That mercy I adore".

Miss Williams' name is associated with only one hymn, but that one hymn has gained much popularity in the past fifty years.

She was born in the north of England November 30, 1762, She was brilliant and as a girl possessed literary talent. She

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1. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs From the Hearts of Women", p. 136.



Whether I know that all my life  
Is passing out for me,  
The changes that will surely come  
I do not fear to see;  
I wish for a present mind  
Intent on pleasing thee

This hymn of Marion is universally known. Her other  
hymn is entitled "Gather in Ode" and can be found in most  
American hymnals:

"In heavenly love abiding,  
As oceans of mercy swell  
And earth is such a dwelling,  
For nothing changes here,  
Thy spirit may rest without me,  
We have not how to fail,  
But God is round about me,  
And can I be lonely?"

Marion was born in 1850. In 1870  
she published "Hymns and Meditations". Much of her life was  
spent in struggling and pain. She was a member of the British  
Society. She lived in 1903 and lived near Bristol, England.  
(1)

While thou I seek, protecting friend;  
Be my vain wishes killed;  
And may this moment's hour  
Thy better hopes be filled.  
Thy love the power of change bestows;  
To those my thoughts would go;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flown;  
Thou knowest I adore.

Marion Williams' name is associated with only one hymn, but  
that one hymn has gained much popularity in the past fifty years.  
She was born in the north of England November 30, 1795. She  
was brilliant and as a girl possessed literary talent. She

published her first book when only twenty years old. She made Paris her home, since her sister married into a French Protestant family there.

She was an ardent supporter of the Girondins in the Revolution and her enthusiasm in opposing the Jacobins led by Robespierre "amounted almost to frenzy". The Jacobins became dominant in government, and Miss Williams was imprisoned in the Temple. After the fall of Robespierre by the guillotine in 1794, she was released. She became an opponent of the principles that inspired the Revolution. Her death came December 14, 1827 in Paris.

Her writings covered a large range, including poetry, fiction, science, politics, and translations. She wrote only the one sweet but pathetic hymn, about 1786. It is not known what inspired the writing of it. She was a Unitarian by faith; with a Christian life and faith.<sup>(1)</sup>

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1. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs from The Hearts of Women", pp 22-25



published her first book when only twenty years old. She made

Paris her home, and she later married into a French protest-

ant family there.

She was an ardent supporter of the Girondins in the

Revolution and her enthusiasm in opposing the Jacobins led by

Robespierre "earned her almost no friends". The Jacobins became

opponents in government, and when Robespierre was imprisoned in the

Temple. After the fall of Robespierre by the Girondins in

1794, she was released. She became an opponent of the principles

that inspired the Revolution. Her death came December 14, 1793.

in Paris.

Her writings covered a large range, including poetry,

fiction, politics, and translations. She wrote only

the one novel but published many, about 1795. It is not known

what inspired her writing of it. She was a Unitarian by faith;

(1)

from a Unitarian life she came.

## IV

## WOMEN IN AMERICAN HYMNODY

Brown, Mrs. Phoebe Hinsdlæ 1783-1861

"I love to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble grateful prayer!"

No one who had chanced to meet her as a girl would ever have dreamed that Phoebe Hinsdale would become the first female American hymnist whose work would live. Born in Canaan, New York, in 1783, at age of ten months bereft of her father and of her mother a year later, the little waif found a refuge in the home of her grandparents. Here she spent seven happy years, when once again death robbed her of a shelter. This time an older married sister too, her in. The husband was a rough man, keeper of the county jail, and from the start the child was badly treated. She was worse than a drudge--a domestic slave.

Thus it continued till she was eighteen. In all this time she never was allowed to go to school. She could not even write her own name. Finally she managed to spend three months in a class with some children--the only schooling she ever had. She now found another home, where she was more kindly treated and where she joined the Church. At the age of twenty two she was married to Timothy H. Brown, a house-painter. A few years later they moved to Ellington, Connecticut and soon she began to use her pen, contributing short stories and poems to two or three weekly papers. But her lot continued to be a



WOMAN IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Brown, Mrs. George Nicholas 1793-1831

I have to state a few things  
 from my own knowledge  
 and from the papers of my father  
 in relation to her.

No one who had chance to meet her as a girl would ever  
 have dreamed that George Nicholas would become the first female  
 American physician whose work would live. Born in Canada, New  
 York, in 1793, at one of the earliest seats of her father and  
 at her mother's side. The little girl lived a refuge in  
 the home of her grandmother. When she began to study  
 Greek, when she began to study Latin at a school. This  
 time in later years she studied at her father's side. The husband was a  
 rough man, master of the family, and from the early time  
 child was badly treated. She was worse than a slave--a  
 domestic slave.

There is something still and was eighteen. In all this  
 time she never was allowed to go to school. She could not  
 even write her own name. Finally she managed to spend three  
 months in a class with some children--the only schooling she  
 ever had. She now found another home, where she was more kindly  
 treated and where she joined the church. At the age of twenty  
 two she was married to Timothy H. Brown, a house-painter. A  
 few years later they moved to Ellington, Connecticut and soon  
 she began to see her own, contributing their studies and pains  
 to two or three family papers. But her lot continued to be a

hard one. Her husband was a worthy man, but they were very poor.

The summer of 1818 was unusually trying. The family lived on the edge of the village, in a small frame house, unfinished excepting one room which was occupied by a sick sister. There were four young children, and the home cares were unceasing. Mrs. Brown was a deeply religious woman, and she longed for some quiet spot to which she could retire each day for a few minutes of devotion.

A little distance down the road was a large garden, with a handsome residence at the upper end. Here was just the retreat she sought. She tells us that in the evening she "used to steal away from all within doors and going out of our gate, stroll along under the elms that were planted for shade on each side of the road. And as there was seldom anyone passing that way after dark, I felt quite retired and alone with God. I oftne walked quite up that beautiful garden and felt that I could have the privilege of those few moments of uninterrupted communion with God without encroaching upon anyone"

But one evening in August she chanced to be visiting at the home of a friend, where, among others who were present, was the lady who lived in the fine house. Suddenly turning to Mrs. Brown, she said with a lofty air: "Mrs. Brown, why do you come up at evening so near our house and then go back without coming in? If you want anything, why don't you come in and ask for it? I could not think who it was, and sent my girl down to the garden to see; and she said it was you. That you came to the fence, but seeing her, turned quickly away, muttering something to



had one. Her husband was a worthy man, but they were very

poor.

The amount of this was unusually large. The family lived

on the edge of the village, in a small frame house, surrounded

excepted one room which was occupied by a sick sister. There

were four young children, and the house was very crowded.

Mrs. Brown was a deeply religious woman, and she looked for

some other spot to which she could remove each day for a few

minutes of devotion.

A little distance from the house was a little garden, with

a handsome cottage at the other end. Here was just the

retreat she sought. She felt as that in the evening she used

to stroll away from all within doors and find rest at our gate,

stroll along under the stars that were planted the shade on

each side of the road. And as there was nothing anyone hearing

that very often she, I love quite retired and alone with God.

I have walked with me that beautiful garden and felt that I

could have the privilege of those few moments of uninterrupted

communion with God without intruding upon anyone.

But one evening in October she happened to be visiting at

the home of a friend, where, among others who were present, was

the lady who lived in the fine house. Suddenly turning to Mrs.

Brown, she said with a lofty air: "Mrs. Brown, why do you come up

at evening to your own house and then go back without coming in?

If you want worship, why don't you come in and see for it?

Could not think she was, and sent my girl down to the garden

to meet and she said it was you. That you came to the house,

but seeing her, turned quickly away, muttering something to

yourself". Mrs. Brown adds: "There was something in her manner more than in her words that grieved me. I went home, and that evening was left alone. After my children were all in bed, except my baby, I sat down in the kitchen with my child in my arms, when the grief of my heart burst forth in a flood of tears. I took pen and paper, and gave vent to my oppressed heart in what I called "My Apology for My Twilight Rambles, addressed to a Lady". She sent it to the lady in question, but what impression was made is not known, as no reply was ever received.

This "Apology" in a shortened form is the "Twilight Hymn" which is found in so many hymnals, and is so much loved. In the original, there were nine stanzas:

( "Yes, when the toilsome day is gone,  
And night, with banners gray,  
Steals silently the glade along  
In twilight's soft array.)

"I love to steal awhile away  
From little ones and care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In gratitude and prayer.

( "I love to feast on Nature's scenes  
When falls the evening dew,  
And dwell upon her silent themes,  
Forever rich and new.)

"I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all God's promises to plead  
Where none can see or hear.

"I love to think on mercies past,  
And future ones implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.

( "I love to meditate on death!  
When shall his message come  
With friendly smiles to steal my breath  
And take an exile home?)





"I love by faith to take a view  
Of blissful scenes in heaven;  
The sight doth all my strength renew,  
While here by storms I'm driven.

("I love this silent twilight hour  
Far better than the rest;  
It is, of all the twenty-four,  
The happiest and the best.)

"Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour  
And lead to endless day".

When Dr. Nettleton was compiling the "Village Hymns", hearing that she had written some religious poetry, he visited her and she gave him four hymns, among them this one. The nine stanzas were reduced to five by omitting those bracketed. A few verbal changes were also made. The line "From little ones and care" became "From every cumbering care", and the line "In gratitude and prayer" was changed to "In humble, grateful prayer". Later, she wrote a Morning Hymn and also Midday Hymn, but neither has ever gained the popularity of her Twilight Hymn, born under such pathetic circumstances.

In the fall of 1818 the family moved from Ellington across the state line into Massachusetts and settled in Monson. The church seemed spiritually dead and Mrs. Brown's ardent soul was greatly distressed. "From the impulses of a full heart", so she tells us, was written her "Prayer for a Revival", beginning with the lines:

"O Lord, thy work revive,  
In Zion's gloomy hour  
And make her dying graces live  
By thy restoring power".



"I love my father as I love a vine  
Of different branches in different  
The same way, all my spiritual power  
This power by which I live."

("I love this silent religion more  
For better than the rest;  
Is it, of all the twenty-four,  
The holiest and the best.")

"That when I'm a Christian boy is a boy  
May I be baptized  
So that I can be a Christian boy  
And I can be a Christian boy."

When Dr. Bellinger was teaching the "Village Hymns,"  
Healing that the children were religious poetry. He visited  
him and she gave him four hymns, among them this one. The nine  
classics were related to him by visiting those churches. A  
few other children were also there. The time was little ones  
and some became "True every Christian name," and the line  
"In Christian and prayer" was changed to "In hymns," grateful  
prayer. Later, she wrote a Morning Hymn and also Night Hymn,  
but neither of them gained the popularity of her Twilight Hymn,  
which under such catholic circumstances.

In the fall of 1916 the family moved from Wilmington across  
the state into Massachusetts and settled in Woburn. The  
church needed spiritual food and Mrs. Brown's abundant soul was  
greatly distressed. "From the land of a full heart," as  
she said in her written for "Prayer for a Revival," beginning  
with the lines:

"O Lord, thy work revive,  
In Zion's glory move  
And make her living voice live  
By thy restoring power."

For many years this hymn was widely sung in America and it also gained favor in England.

This devoted Christian mother, who gave to her "little ones" such untiring care, was not disappointed in her children. Two of her daughters became preachers' wives, and the third married a prominent church deacon. But the son, Rev. Samuel R. Brown, D.D. came into largest prominence. One day, when Samuel was seven years old, the mother fell to dreaming--Would God some time call her son? His heart leaped at the thought and doubtless it was in her mind when she wrote this missionary hymn:

"Go messenger of love and hear,  
Upon thy gentle wing,  
The song which seraphs love to hear  
The angels joy to sing.

"Go, to the heart with sin opprest,  
And dry the sorrowing tear;  
Extract the thorn that wounds the breast,  
The drooping spirit cheer.

"Go, say to Zion, 'Jesus reigns'  
By his resistless power,  
He binds his enemies with chains;  
They fall to rise no more.

"Tell how the Holy Spirit flies,  
As he from heaven descends--  
Arrests his proudest enemies,  
And changes them to friends".

The mother's highest hopes were fulfilled, when in 1838 her son sailed as a pioneer missionary to China. In 1859 he transferred his field to Japan, being the first American missionary to enter that newly opened empire. Later two grandsons of Mrs. Brown took up mission work in that same country.

She wrote in old age "As to my history, it is soon told; a sinner saved by grace and sanctified by trials". Both her



For many years I have been a student in America

and it is almost never in England.

This is the first time I have been to her sister

and she is almost never in England.

Two of her children, her son and daughter, and the third

married a prominent officer, and the son, Mr. James

H. Brown, D.D., was into a large property. One day, when

James was seven years old, the father took to dressing - would

and some time after her son. His heart leaped at the sight and

thought it was in his mind and that was the only

lyrics:

Of meadows of love and light,

Upon the gentle wind,

The song which brings love to heart,

The melody of the heart.

And the heart of the heart is the heart,

And the heart of the heart is the heart,

And the heart of the heart is the heart,

The melody of the heart.

And the heart of the heart is the heart,

And the heart of the heart is the heart,

And the heart of the heart is the heart,

And the heart of the heart is the heart,

And the heart of the heart is the heart,

And the heart of the heart is the heart,

And the heart of the heart is the heart,

And the heart of the heart is the heart.

The mother's highest hopes were fulfilled, when in 1853

she was called as a pioneer missionary to China. In 1853

he transferred his field to Japan, being the first American

missionary to enter that newly opened empire. Later two friends

came of the same stock up mission work in that same country.

She wrote in old age to my history, it is now told;

a stanza saved by grace and sanctified by tears. Both her

joys and her trials had been many, and one of the sweetest hymns that she wrote, belonging to the later period of her life, expresses her own ripened experience:

"When grief and anguish press me down,  
And hope and comfort flee,  
I cling, bless'd Savior, to thy throne,  
And stay my heart on Thee.

"When clouds of dark temptation rise,  
And pour their wrath on me,  
To Thee, for aid, I turn my eyes,  
And fix my trust on thee.

"When death invades my peaceful home,  
The sundered ties shall be  
A closer bond, in time to come,  
To bind my heart to thee.

"Lord--not my will but thine be done",  
My soul from fear set free,  
Her faith shall anchor at thy throne,  
And trust alone in thee".

Mrs. Brown died in 1861 and was buried at Monson, Massachusetts. Beside her lie the remains of her distinguished  
(1)  
son.

The tune to Mrs. Brown's "I Love to Steal Awhile Away" was composed by her son and named "Monson" in honor of his mother (being her late home). Other melodies have since replaced it.  
(2)

2. Carney, Julia Abigail 1823--? (American Congregational Univ.)

Zech. 4:10 Who hath despised the day of small things?

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the beauteous land.

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1. Ninde, "The Story of the American Hymn", pp 177-184

2. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of the Hymn and Hymn Tunes", p. 232





And the little moments,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden  
Like the heaven above.

So our little errors  
Lead the soul astray  
From the paths of virtue  
Into sin to stray.

Little seeds of mercy,  
Sown by youthful hands,  
Grow to bless the nations  
Far in heathen lands.

Little ones in glory  
Swell the angels' song,  
Make us meet, dear Savior,  
For their holy throng.

This was written for use in a Primary School at Boston. The last stanza was added by Bishop E. H. Bickersteth. The tune was composed by George E. Hague, a banker of Kingston, Ontario, and is called 'Rotherwood'.<sup>(1)</sup>

3. Cary, Phoebe. 1824--1871. (American Congregational Universalist)

Romans 13:11 "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed".

The most lasting product of the younger of the Cary sisters is, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought". The best three stanzas are:

"One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I'm nearer my home today  
Than I ever have been before;

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1. Jones, James Edmund, "Annotations on the Book of Common Praise", p. 699-670.





Nearer the great white throne,  
 Nearer the crystal sea,  
 Nearer my Father's house,  
 Where the "many mansions" be:

Nearer the bound of life,  
 Where we lay our burdens down;  
 Nearer leaving the cross,  
 Nearer gaining the crown.

The first tune was Ambrose; the second, a Chant by Jacobs.

Until within a year or two of her death Miss Cary was not conscious of its universal popularity. Before that time this lovely pilgrim of a hymn had wandered over the world, pausing at many thresholds, filling with 'sweetly solemn thots' many Christian hearts. It had been printed on Sabbath School cards, embodied in books of sacred song, pasted into scrapbooks, read with tearful eyes by patient invalids in twilight sick chambers and by brave yet tender souls at their last day, on whose wistful eyes faint visions of their immortal home must sometime dawn, even amid the dimness of this clouded world. (1)

The verses were without literary care and in the original form were too irregular to be sung. Later when shown hesitatingly to inquiring compilers, its intrinsic worth was seen.

In a private letter to an aged friend in New York she wrote: "I enclose the hymn and story for you, not because I am vain of the notice, but because I felt you would feel a peculiar interest in them when you know the hymn was written eighteen years ago (1852) in your house. I composed it in the little back third story bedroom one Sunday morning, after coming from church; and it makes me very happy to think that

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1. Bodine, Wm. Budd "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", p. 232-233





any word I could say has done a little good in the world". Within the last year of her life Phoebe heard of an incident connected with this hymn, which made her happier while she lived:

"A gentleman in China, intrusted with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States learned that he would probably be found in a certain gambling house. He went thither, but not seeing the young man, sat down and waited, in the hope that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noises, men getting angry over their cards, and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men--one young, the other forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the older one giving utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun, and the young man sat lazily back in his chair while the other shuffled his cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards and the young man, looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune. He went on, till at length he began to sing the hymn of Phoebe Cary, above quoted.' The words", says the writer of the story, 'repeated in such a vile place, at first made me shudder. A Sabbath School hymn in a gambling den! But while the young man sang, the elder stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed, 'Harry, where did you learn that tune?' 'What tune?' 'Why, that one you've been singing.'

"The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the young man said he had learned them in a Sunday School in America.



any word I could say, but a little more in the way of  
again the same year. The little woman, however, as indicated  
connected with the case, and the little woman, while the little  
"A gentleman in the room, however, with promises for a  
young man, and his friends, in the United States, learned that  
he would probably be found in a certain gambling house. He  
went, however, not only to the young man, but also to the  
in the hope that he might come in. The place was a bed of  
noise, and nothing was to be seen. The young man, however,  
coming to know, that he had two men, one young, the other  
forty years of age. They were sitting and drinking in a tavern  
way, and the young man, after a short conversation, to the latter  
privately. The young man had been thinking, and the young man  
each time. The young man, with a look of anxiety, had  
last night, and the young man had finally said to the other  
the other, smiling his face. The young man was a long time  
the other and the young man, looking carefully about the room,  
began to feel a little. He went on, all at length he began to  
sing the hymn of the church, above quoted. The words, says  
the writer of the story, "repeated in such a place, at  
first made no impression. A Sabbath school hymn in a gambling house  
But while the young man sang, the other watched him. The  
other, started at the sight a moment, and throwing the words  
the floor, exclaimed, "What, where did you learn that song?"  
"What song?" "Why, that one you've been singing."  
"The young man said he did not know what he had been  
singing, and the other repeated the words, with some in his  
eyes, and the young man said he had learned them in a Sunday  
School in America."

"'Come!', said the elder man, getting up; 'Come, Harry; here's what I won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game, and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that, for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business."

The gentleman who tells the story (originally published in the Boston Daily News) saw these two men leave the gambling house together and walk away arm in arm; and he remarks, 'It must be a source of great joy to Miss Cary to know that her lines, which have comforted so many Christian hearts, have been the means of awakening in the breast of two tempted and erring men, on the other side of the globe, a resolution to lead a better life.'<sup>(1)</sup>

Phoebe was born near Cincinnati, Ohio in 1824 in a little country home. She was a poor girl, and struggled greatly in her early life. She always said that the poor seemed nearer her than the rich. Later when she became known as a writer, she moved from there and lived in New York City with her sister. She died at Newport, New York July 31, 1871, and her hymn was sung at her funeral. She was buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

#### 4. Crosby, Fanny J. VanAlstyne 1820-1915.

Fanny Crosby, the blind poet and hymnist, was born in Southeast, New York, March 24, 1820. The twelve years of her younger life she spent in New York Institution for the blind

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1. Bodine, Wm. Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", p.235.



...said the other man, gesturing up; I know, Henry.  
...I won't say you; I won't say it for some good pur-  
...I have played my last game,  
...I have played you, Henry, and I am  
...my boy, and my girl, for old  
...you will still have the same  
...business.

The gentleman who tells the story (originally published  
in the Boston Daily News) has these two men leave the gambling  
house together and walk away into the night, and he remarks, 'It  
must be a picture of great joy to these two to know that their  
sins, which have cost them so many painful hours, have  
been the means of separating in the future of two couples and  
bringing them, on the other side of the globe, a resolution to  
lead a better life.'

Plumbe was born near Birmingham, while in 1834 in a little  
country home. She was a poor girl, and struggled bravely in  
her early life. She always said that she poor second master  
was the reason. Later when she became again a writer,  
she moved from there and lived in New York City with her sister.  
She died at New York, New York July 31, 1891, and her body was  
at her funeral. She was buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

A. Green, born J. Green, 1830-1891.  
Henry Green, the blind poet and dramatist, was born in  
Greenfield, New York, March 14, 1830. The last years of his  
youthful life were spent in New York Institution for the blind.

where she became a teacher. In 1858 she was happily married to a fellow inmate, Mr. Alexander.

"Memories of eighty years" is a volume worth looking at, if only to find in it this testimony, 'When I was six weeks of age a slight cold caused an inflammation of the eyes, which appeared to demand the attention of the family physician, but he not being at home, a stranger was called. He recommended the use of hot poultices, which ultimately destroyed the sense of sight. When this sad misfortune became known throughout our neighborhood, the unfortunate man thought it best to leave; and we never heard of him again. But I have not for a moment, in more than eighty-five years felt a spark of resentment against him because I have always believed from my youth to this very moment that the good Lord, in His infinite mercy, by this means consecrated me to the work that I am still permitted to do. When I remember His mercy and loving kindness, when I have been blessed above the common lot of mortals; and when happiness has touched the deep places of my soul, how can I repine?'

Fanny Crosby is unsurpassed in one particular. She has written more hymns than she can remember, eight thousand perhaps. Most are without value, but a few have met with large popular favor.

"Safe in the Arms of Jesus" (gained entrance to the English Hymnal in 1906)

Safe in the arms of Jesus  
 Safe on His gentle breast  
 There by His love o'ershadowed,  
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.  
 Hark! 'tis the voice of angels  
 Borne in a song to me,  
 Over the fields of glory,  
 Over the jasper sea.



about this business a teacher. In 1858 she was happily married  
to a fellow inmate, Mr. Alexander.  
"A number of nights later, as I was looking at  
it only to find in this location, when I was six weeks of  
age a slight cold caused an inflammation of the eyes, which  
appeared to demand the attention of the family physician,  
but he was unable to help, a stranger was called. He pronounced  
the use of hot fomentations, which ultimately destroyed the sense  
of sight. When this sad misfortune became known throughout the  
neighborhood, the authorities and thought it best to leave her  
in some part of the asylum. But I have not for a moment, in  
my own mind, ever felt a doubt of my own ability to overcome my  
misfortune. I have always believed that by going to this very  
moment that the good Lord, in His infinite mercy, by this mean  
connected me to the world that I am still permitted to do.  
I remember his mercy and loving kindness, when I have been  
brought above the common lot of mortals; and when happiness has  
been that the best place of my soul, how can I regret!

Many others are disappointed in the profession. This has  
written words upon them the saddest, right through per-  
haps. What are without value, but a few have met with large  
popular favor.

There is the name of "Lovers" gained entrance to the English  
Journal in 1866.  
Date in the name of "Lovers"  
Date on his health improved  
Date of his love increased  
Specially my soul shall rest  
Hail! the voice of angels  
Gone in a word to me  
Over the fields of glory  
Over the Jordan sea

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe from corroding care;  
 Safe from the world's temptations,  
 Sin shall not harm me there.  
 Free from my doubts and fears,  
 Free from my daily trials,  
 Free from my frequent tears.

Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,  
 Jesus has died for me;  
 Firm on the Rock of Ages  
 Ever my trust shall be.  
 Here let me wait with patience,  
 Wait till the night is o'er;  
 Then may I see the morning  
 Break on the golden shore.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Thy mighty arm make bare;  
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,  
 And make Thy people hear.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Disturb this sleep of death;  
 quicken the smoldering embers now  
 By Thine almighty breath.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Create soul-thirst for Thee;  
 And hungering for the Bread of life,  
 Oh, may our spirits be !

Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Exalt Thy precious name;  
 And by the Holy Ghost, our love  
 For Thee and Thine inflame.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 And give refreshing showers;  
 The glory shall be all Thine own,  
 The blessing, Lord, be ours.

An incident in the varied life of Fanny Crosby worthy of mention is her early friendship with Grover Cleveland, afterwards President of the United States. It began in 1853 when Miss Crosby was "Preceptress" in the New York Institution for the Blind. William Cleveland, the principal teacher and his brother George were private secretary at seventeen years





of age and continued for over one half century.

A letter from the President reads:

My dear friend:

It is more than fifty years ago that our acquaintance and friendship began; and ever since that time I have watched your continuous and disinterested labor in uplifting humanity, and pointing out the way to an appreciation of God's goodness and mercy.

Though these labors have, I know, brought you abundant rewards in your consciousness of good accomplished, those who have known of your works and sympathized with your noble purposes owe it to themselves that you are apprized of their remembrance of these things. I am, therefore, exceedingly gratified to learn that your eighty-fifth birthday is to be celebrated with a demonstration of this remembrance. As one proud to call you an old friend, I desire to be early in congratulating you on your long life of usefulness, and wishing you, in the years yet to be added to you, the peace and comfort born of the love of God. (1)

Yours very sincerely,

Grover Cleveland.

She might have prized even more a simple testimony, had she known of it, of the Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, found in the Journal of James Hennington. "They violently threw me to the ground, and proceeded to strip me of all valuables. Thinking they were robbers, I shouted for help, when they forced me up, hurried me away, as I thought, to throw me down a precipice close at hand. I shouted again, in spite of one threatening to kill me with a club. Twice I nearly broke away from them, and then grew faint with struggling. I was dragged by the legs over the ground. I said, 'Lord, I put myself in Thy hands, I look to Thee alone'. Then another struggle, and I got to my feet, and was thus dashed along. More than once I was violently

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1. Bodine, William Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", p. 231-232





brought into contact with banana trees, some trying in their haste to force me one way, others the other, and the exertion I struggling strained me in the most amazing manner. In spite of all, and feeling I was being dragged away to be murdered at a distance, I sang "Safe in The Arms of Jesus", and then laughed at the very agony of my situation".

To comfort a dying saint, how great a privilege. To lift up the eternal gates and bid a Christian hero enter triumphantly how vast her power and her joy. Earth knows no higher bliss. <sup>(1)</sup>

Probably one of her best hymns, inspired by Col. 1:29 is "Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross".

Other hymns of hers are "Rescue the Perishing", a little sermon in song from Luke 14:23: "To the Work, to the Work", "Speed Away", and "Jesus the Water of Life Still Give".

"She has exerted a tremendous sway thru her hymns of sweet and kindly sentiment and of rapt devotion. The wide success of her scores of hymns is due in part to the sentimental appeal of their tunes as well as of their words; it is also in part due to their folk-song clearness and easy rhythmic swing. But it is due in a larger part to their humble piety, as naïve and full of wonders and self searchings as that of some poetical saint of the early church". <sup>(2)</sup>

##### 5. Cook, Mrs. Martha A. W.

Mrs. Cook (formerly Miss Martha Ann Woodbridge) was the wife of Rev. Parsons Cook, editor of the "Puritan Recorder", Boston. It was published in the "American Messenger" in 1870

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1. Bodine, William Budd, "Some Hymns and Hymn Writers", pp.

232-233

2. Reeves, J. B., "The Hymn as Literature", p. 310





and is still in use here, as a German version of it is in Germany. The first stanza is:

"In some way or other the Lord will provide.  
It may not be my way,  
It may not be thy way,  
And yet in His own way  
The Lord will provide."

6. Esling, Mrs. Catherine. 1812--?

Mrs. Esling was born in Philadelphia April 12, 1812.

She was a writer for some time as Miss Waterman. In 1840 she married Capt. George Esling of the Merchant Marine. She became a widow in 1844.

Her hymn "Come Unto Me When Shadows Darkly Gather" is loved by many sorrow stricken people.

"Come unto Me, when shadows darkly gather,  
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,  
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,  
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling  
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim,  
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,  
Soft are the tones that raise the heavenly hymn."

This hymn has ever been wedded to Lowell Mason's sweet  
(1)  
tune "Henley".

7. Gates, Mrs. Ellen M. H. ?--1905. (American Dutch Reformed)

Mrs. Gates was born in Torrington, Connecticut. Her hymns are admired for their sweetness and elevated religious feeling, and poetic quality.

She wrote a Christian ballad "Your Mission" one stormy day in the winter of 1861-1862. Her poem had a message and she was much surprised at her own production when she read it.

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1. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of Hymn and Hymn Tunes",  
p. 208-209.





Mr. Philip Phillips sang it at a meeting of the United States Christian Commission in the Senate Chamber at Washington, February 1865. President Lincoln asked to have it repeated near the close of the season. This hymn so welcomed at Washington gave him the honor of being the first gospel songster.

Mrs. Gates is known by this hymn "Your Mission"

"If you cannot on the Ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet,  
You can stand among the sailors  
Anchored yet within the bay;  
You can lend a hand to help them  
As they launch their boats away.

"If you cannot in the conflict  
Prove yourself a soldier true,  
If where fire and smoke are thickest  
There's no work for you to do,  
When the battlefield is silent  
You can go with careful tread;  
You can bear away the wounded,  
You can cover up the dead." (1)

Mrs. Gates also wrote "The Prodigal Child", not only  
a  
used as a hymn, but/most impressive, touching poem.

"Come home! come home!  
You are weary at heart,  
For the way has been dark  
And so lonely and wild--  
O prodigal child,  
Come home!

"Come home! Come home!  
For we watch and we wait,  
And we stand at the gate  
While the shadows are piled;  
O prodigal child,  
Come home.

To this hymn, Dr. Doane composed a most fitting melody  
in 1869. We can hear in the refrain all a mother's yearning,  
(2)  
"Come home! Come home!."

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1. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of Hymn and Hymn Tunes",  
p. 258
  2. Ibid, p. 430



Mr. William H. Hall, of the United States  
Circuit Court for the District of Columbia, Feb-  
ruary 1892. President Harrison's name is not in the  
list of the names. It is also in the list of  
names in the book of names of the United States.

Mr. Green is known by the name "The Green".

"If you cannot do the work,  
Call upon the United States  
Working on the highest level,  
Laying out the nation's plan,  
You can stand among the nations  
Anchored yet within the bay;  
You can lead a hand to help them  
As they launch their boats away."

"If you cannot do the work,  
Prove yourself a soldier true,  
If there is work for you to do,  
There is no work for you to do,  
When the battle is joined,  
You can go with courage true;  
For you have seen the world,  
You can cover up the world." (1)

Mr. Green also wrote "The United States", not only

but also a book, "The United States", containing

"Come home, come home!  
For the world is here,  
For the world is here,  
And so home is the world,  
O glorious world,  
Come home!"

"Come home, come home!  
For the world is here,  
For the world is here,  
And so home is the world,  
O glorious world,  
Come home!"

To this book, Mr. Green composed a most fitting melody

In 1892. We can hear in the refrain of a mother's lullaby,

"Come home, come home!" (1)

1. Green and the United States, The State of Green and Green

1. 1892, p. 12

Another hymn of Mrs. Gates is:

"O the clanging bells of Time!  
 Night and day they never cease;  
 We are wearied with their chime,  
 For they do not bring us peace.  
 And we hush our hearts to hear,  
 And we strain our eyes to see  
 If thy shores are drawing near  
 Eternity! Eternity! (1)

Still another hymn of Mrs. Gates is: "I Will Sing You A Song of That Beautiful Land". She was asked to write a hymn in the spirit of the passage in "Pilgrims Progress", describing the joyful music of heaven when Christian and Hopeful enter on its shining shore beyond the river of death. When Mr. Phillips received the words, he sat down with his little boy on his knee, re-read the passage in Bunyan, then the poem, then went to the organ and wrote the notes for the melody. He says, "The Home of the Soul" seems to have had God's blessing from the beginning, and has been a comfort to many a bereaved soul". It was sung at his boy's funeral, who sat on his knee when he wrote it. It was printed in seven different languages.

"I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,  
 The far-away home of the soul,  
 Where no storms can beat on the glittering strand,  
 While the years of eternity roll.

"O that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,  
 Its bright jasper walls I can see;  
 Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes  
 Between the fair city and me.

"O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,  
 So free from all sorrow and pain,  
 With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands  
 To meet one another again". (2)

Lastly, she wrote a hymn founded on the scripture, Jer.1:9.  
 And the Lord said unto me, Behold I have put my words in thy mouth. (3)

1. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of the Hymn and Hymn Tunes", p. 449
2. Ibid, p. 532
3. Jones, James Edmund, "Annotations on The Book of Common Praise", p. 304.





## 8. Hall, Elvina M.

Elvina Hall was born in Alexandria, Virginia in 1818. She composed "I hear the Saviour Say", while sitting in the Baltimore Methodist Episcopal Church choir. She wrote the notes on the singing book cover. It is classed as a gospel hymn and has been used much in revivals. (1)

"I hear the Savior say,  
Thy strength indeed is small;  
Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
Find in me thine all in all.

Jesus paid it all  
All to Him I owe,  
Sin had left a crimson stain;  
He washed it white as snow.

This hymn has been used a great deal in Sunday Schools ever since it was written.

## 9. Hawks, Mrs. Annie Sherwood. 1835--

"I need Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord,  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

I need Thee, Oh, I need Thee,  
Every hour I need Thee;  
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,  
I come to Thee! (2)

Mrs. Hawks was born in Hoosick, New York in 1835. She wrote "I Need Thee Every Hour" in 1872, and sent it to Dr. Lowry. He wrote the tune for it, adding a chorus. In 1872 it first appeared in a small collection of original songs prepared by Lowry and Ivane for the National Baptist Sunday School Association which met at Cincinnati, Ohio November 1872, and was sung there.

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1. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of Hymn and Hymn Tunes",  
2. Ibid., p. 153. <sup>p. 22</sup>



2. 11. 1913, 1914

Mr. Hill was born in Alaska, Alaska, in 1913.  
 The original "I hear the Savior say", which is in the  
 Baltimore Methodist Episcopal Church choir. She wrote the  
 notes on the singing book cover. It is placed as a Gospel  
 hymn and has been used much in churches.

I hear the Savior say,  
 My strength and life is all;  
 Ours is weakness, sorrow and grief,  
 But in His arms all is well.

Jesus said to all,  
 All ye who love,  
 Sin and grief's bitter stain,  
 He washes it white as snow.

This hymn has been used a great deal in Sunday schools  
 ever since it was written.

3. 11. 1913, 1914

I hear the Savior say,  
 My strength and life is all;  
 Ours is weakness, sorrow and grief,  
 But in His arms all is well.

I hear the Savior say,  
 My strength and life is all;  
 Ours is weakness, sorrow and grief,  
 But in His arms all is well.

Mr. Hill was born in Alaska, New York in 1913. She  
 wrote "I hear the Savior say" in 1913, and sent it to Mr.  
 Jones. He wrote the tune for it, and a chorus. In 1913 it  
 first appeared in a small collection of original songs prepared  
 by Jones and sent to the National Baptist Sunday School  
 Association which met at Cincinnati, Ohio November 1913, and was  
 sung there.

1. Brown and B. Brown, "The Story of Ryan and John Thomas"  
 2. 1913, 1914

1 O. Howe, Julia Ward.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of  
the Lord,  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes  
of wrath are stored,  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His  
terrible swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.

One of the most spirited of all hymns, a lyric that has something of the militant zeal of the ancient song of Deborah, is Julia Ward Howe's song of the Civil War: "Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory of the Coming of the Lord". For its fire of poetic inspiration, its triumphant faith in God and in the future of humanity, and for its vivid beauty, there are few hymns to match it. This hymn is not in the English hymn books. One reason for the omission is that the original title "Battle Hymn of the Republic" might imply it to be exclusively an American hymn. Yet some of the best hymnbooks omit it. It may be that its martial images seem to them too vivid to be interpreted as  
(1)  
of spiritual warfare only.

Mrs. Howe wrote it after a visit to the Federal Camps on the Patomac in 1861, upon her return to Washington. She was tired and slept well. But she awoke early. She began "to write the long lines as a hymn which promised to suit the measure of the "John Brown" melody.

Her song took well. It promises to run till battle hymns cease to be sung. It was the soul's product of a mighty moment.

Julia Ward was born in New York City May 27, 1819. She married Samuel Gridley Howe in 1843. Together they edited an anti-slavery paper, the "Boston Commonwealth" until the Civil War closed its mission. She was active and influential during

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1. Reeves, Jeremiah Bascom, "The Hymn as Literature", pp. 307-308.



"My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of  
the Lord,  
He is coming out the clouds with the  
of death are altered,  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his  
terrible swift sword,  
His truth is marching on.

One of the most faithful of all hymns, a lyric that has  
inspired at the highest level of the spiritual song of America  
is this hymn by Hays, one of the Civil War: "Mine Eyes Have Seen  
The Glory of the Coming of the Lord." For the time of writing  
inspiration, the triumphant faith in God and in the future of  
humanity, and for its vivid beauty, there are few hymns so  
valued as this. This hymn is not in the English hymn books. One  
reason for the omission is that the original title "Battle Hymn  
of the Republic" might lead to be considered an American  
hymn. Yet some of the best hymnbooks omit it. It may be that  
its spiritual power was not yet fully appreciated as  
of spiritual warfare only.

Mrs. Hays wrote it after a visit to the Federal Orange  
the summer in 1862, when her husband was in Washington. She was  
first and slighted well. But she wrote it. The hymn was first  
the Lord Hays as a hymn which promised to tell the message  
of the "John Brown" hymn.  
Her song tells well. It promises to run all battle hymns  
come to be heard. It was the result of a meeting of a  
tells that was held in New York City May 25, 1862. The  
carried that hymn which was in 1862. Thereafter they were an  
anti-slavery paper, the "Boston Commonwealth" until the Civil  
War closed the spirit. The hymn was influential during

Civil War. Her hymn brought her before the public. All her children became eminent in the scientific and literary world.<sup>(1)</sup>

When James Russell Lowell was editor of The Atlantic he refused to publish a poem by Mrs. Howe, on the grounds that no woman could write a poem. But Mrs. Howe did write one, and The Atlantic accepted it.<sup>(2)</sup>

# 11. Lathbury, Mary

Break thou the bread of life,  
 Dear Lord, to me,  
 As Thou didst break the loaves  
 Beside the sea.  
 Beyond the sacred page  
 I seek Thee, Lord,  
 My spirit pants for Thee,  
 O living Word!

Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,  
 To me--to me--  
 As Thou didst bless the bread  
 By Galilee;  
 Then shall all bondage cease,  
 All fetters fall;  
 And I shall find my peace,  
 My all in all!

This single little gem was written in 1880 for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and was set to music by Professor William Fisk Sherwin. The hymn is based on the "Feeding of the Five Thousand" in the scriptures. It is claimed to be a masterpiece in hymnody.

Another of the Chautauqua Poet's most famous contribution to hymnody is "Day is Dying in the West" written in 1880. It is a vesper hymn, and Professor Sherwin has composed a tune for it which will probably remain with it. There is undoubtedly no evening song in the language superior to it:

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1. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of Hymns and Hymn Tunes", pp.340-343
  2. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs from The Hearts of Women", p.129



civil war. Not upon woman's part but the world. All her  
(1) children receive nothing in the religious and literary world.

When James Russell Lowell was editor of the Atlantic he  
refused to publish a poem by Mrs. Howe, on the grounds that no  
woman could write a poem. But Mrs. Howe did write one, and the  
(2) Atlantic accepted it.

II. LITERARY, WITTY

Break from the prison of life,  
Dear love, to me,  
as thou hast broken the prison  
between the sea,  
Escape the narrow pass  
I seek thee, love,  
My spirit waits for thee,  
O living soul!

Bliss thou art, dear love,  
To me, to me,  
as thou hast broken the prison  
between the sea,  
Escape the narrow pass  
I seek thee, love,  
My spirit waits for thee,  
O living soul!

This simple little poem was written in 1855 in the  
Chaucerian style and is a beautiful example of the  
1. Professor William Howells. The poem is based on the  
"Fables of the Five Towns" in the south-west. It is a classic  
to be a masterpiece in history.

Another of the Chaucerian poets is John Lydgate, who  
lived to write in 1385 in the style written in 1385.  
It is a very good poem, and Professor Howells has composed a line  
for it which will probably remain with it. There is a rhyme  
no evening song in the language superior to it:

1. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of Lydgate and John Lydgate,"  
pp. 100-101.  
2. Lydgate, "Poems from the House of Lydgate," p. 110.

"Day is dying in the west,  
 Heaven is touching earth with rest;  
 Wait and worship while the night  
 Sets her evening lamps alight,  
 Through all the sky.

Chorus:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!  
 Heaven and earth are full of Thee!  
 Heaven and earth are praising Thee,  
 O Lord most high!"

Miss Lathbury's "Song of Hope" has gained wide recognition:

"Children of yesterday,  
 Heirs of tomorrow,  
 What are you weaving?  
 Labor and sorrow?  
 Look to your loom again  
 Faster and faster  
 Fly the great shuttles  
 Prepared by the Master.  
 Life's in the loom!  
 Room for it--  
 Room!"

In 1881 Miss Lathbury wrote a hymn entitled "The Nameless Fold", a plea for Christian unity:

"O Shepherd of the Nameless Fold,  
 The blessed Church to be,  
 Our hearts with love and longing turn  
 To find their rest in Thee.  
 Thy kingdom come! Its heavenly walls  
 Unseen around us rise,  
 And deep in loving human hearts  
 In broad foundation lies".

In 1894 she wrote eleven songs for a collection called "The New Era of Song". Among them is "The Hymn of Life". It may be compared to Oliver Wendell Holmes sublime hymn "Lord of all being, throned afar".

" Lord of all life, the near, the far,  
 From the low glow-worm to the star;  
 Within Thy works Thyself we see,  
 And with all angels worship Thee.

The Chautauquan said. "Those who know her best will freely and unreservedly admit her to the list of uncanonized women of Great Love. She was born in 1841 at Manchester, New York, where



"Ope is doing in the yard,  
Heaven is reaching down with rest;  
All: and worship while the night  
last her sweetest hours bright,  
Through all the sky.

Chorus:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts,  
Heaven and earth are full of Thee;  
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,  
O Lord most high!

When Lathbury's "Song of Hope" was printed with recognition

"O children of God,  
Heirs of the Kingdom,  
And you who are weary,  
Laid out and weary,  
Look to your Lord and  
Father and Father,  
By the cross and  
Propitiation of the Son,  
Life is in the Lord!  
Blessed be the Lord!  
Amen!"

In 1901 Miss Lathbury wrote a hymn entitled "The Wordless

Song," a piece for Christian unity:

"O Church of the Wordless Song,  
The Church which is  
Our home and refuge and life,  
To this altar we come in love,  
By kindred souls, the heavenly walls  
Heaven around us,  
And God in Jesus Christ,  
In Word and Sacrament."

In 1904 she wrote eleven songs for a collection called

"The New Era of Song." Among them is "The Power of Life." It was

he composed in Oliver Wendell Holmes and the hymn "Lord of all

being, known after.

"Lord of all life, the Lord, the Father,  
From the lowly Word in the flesh,  
Within Thy words Thyself we see,  
And with all people worship Thee."

The Commission said: "Those who know her best will testify

and unreservedly testify to the list of unnumbered women of

great love. She was born in 1861 at Rochester, New York, where

she lived eighteen years. Entering the school of art at Worcester, Massachusetts, she gave to one year of study such devotion and exhibited such remarkable faculty, that she was appointed to teach in the Conference Seminary at Newbury, Vermont. She later taught five years in Fort Edward Institute, New York, and six years in the Ladies' Seminary at Carmel, New York. Miss Lathbury shares with Miss Foote the honor of being a pioneer in the field of book and magazine illustration by women.

Miss Lathbury's father was a Methodist Episcopal Minister. She remained a member of that Church until 1890 when she joined the New Jerusalem Church.

She consecrated her gifts of song and pencil "to Him who is the best friend that woman ever knew". Many children have had their lives gladdened by her drawings, stories and poems, and she has enriched the church service greatly. <sup>(1)</sup>

## 12. Lyon, Mary Wheaton 1844--1892

"Life's toil will soon be past, and then,  
From all its sorrows free  
How sweet to think that I shall spend  
Eternity with Thee,  
Dear Lord,  
Eternity with Thee".

Miss Wheaton was born at Pabius, New York in 1844. She was graduated from Cazenovia Seminary in 1865, and received the honor of being valedictorian of her class as well as the prize for the best literary composition "The Eloquence of Silence".

In 1868 she married Rev. A. Judson Lyon, a Baptist min-

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1. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs from the Hearts of Women", pp. 225-234.



and lived sixteen years. Entering the school of art at  
 Worcester, Massachusetts, she gave to one year of study such  
 devotion and exertion and remarkable facility, that she was  
 appointed to teach in the Conference Seminary at Newbury, Ver-  
 mont. She later taught five years in Fort Edward Institute,  
 New York, and six years in the Ladies' Seminary at Canaan, New  
 York. Miss Lathrop shares with Miss Foster the honor of being  
 a pioneer in the field of book and magazine illustration by  
 women.

Miss Lathrop's father was a Methodist Episcopal Minis-  
 ter. She remained a member of that Church until 1890 when she  
 joined the New Jerusalem Church.  
 She connected her gifts of song and pencil with him who  
 is the best friend that woman ever knew. Her children have  
 had their lives glorified by her drawings, stories and poems, and  
 she has enriched the church service greatly.

11. Mrs. Mary Weston 1834-1891

"My life will soon be past, and then  
 I shall be no more  
 Now seems to think that I shall spend  
 Eternity with Thee,  
 Best love,  
 Eternity with Thee."

Miss Weston was born at Andover, New York in 1834. She  
 was educated from Canaan Seminary in 1852, and received  
 the honor of being valedictorian of her class as well as the  
 prize for the best literary composition "The Resurrection of  
 Christ."

In 1858 she married Rev. A. Watson Lyon, a Baptist min-

ister at Delaware, Ohio. Her death occurred suddenly in 1892.

Her son, Professor Earnest Neal Lyon of Jersey City Heights, New Jersey has continually been receiving words of appreciation of her hymn from all parts of the country. Mrs. Lyon sometimes published articles in the Philadelphia Ledger and other journals.

In the Independent in 1877 there appeared "God Knoweth Best".

"The gates of life swing either way  
On noiseless hinges night and day.  
One enters through the open door,  
One leaves us to return no more.  
And which is happier, which more blest--  
God knoweth best. "

Her life may be summed in her own words, of a poem she called "Realities".

"All the worth of living  
Is loving, haping, giving,  
Love survives the breath;  
Hope grows bright in death--  
Gifts that God returns to Thee, (1)  
With increase, through Eternity".

13. Oakey, Mrs. Emily Sullivan 1829-1883

"Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,  
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,  
Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
Sowing the seed in the solemn night.  
O, what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,  
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,  
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,  
Sowing the seed of Eternal shame,  
O, what shall the harvest be?

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1. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs From The Hearts of Women", pp.  
239-243.



later at Windsor, Ohio. Her death occurred suddenly in 1932.

Her son, Professor Ernest Noel Lyon of Jersey City

Highway, New Jersey has continually been receiving words of in-

spiration of her from time all parts of the country. Mrs.

Lyon sometimes published articles in the Philadelphia Ledger

and other journals.

In the Independent in 1937 there appeared "God Knoweth

Best."

"The Gates of Life swing either way  
On restless wings night and day.  
One enters through the open door,  
One leaves as he enters the door.  
And which is proper, which more blessed--  
God knoweth best."

Her life may be summed in her own words, of a poem she

called "Realities."

"All the worth of living  
Is found, hope, faith, charity,  
Love unifies the human  
Hope grows bright in death--  
Gather that God returns to them, (1)  
With increase, through eternity."

12. Sister, Mrs. Emily Sullivan 1882-1932

"Sowing the seed by day and night  
Sowing the seed by the morning light,  
Sowing the seed by the evening light,  
Sowing the seed in the silent night,  
O, what shall the harvest be?"

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,  
Sowing the seed of a saddened brain,  
Sowing the seed of a worried heart,  
Sowing the seed of a mental state,  
O, what shall the harvest be?"

1. Sister, Mrs. John W. Sullivan, "Songs From The Heart of Woman", pp.

It is probable that Mrs. Oakley may have had in mind the "Parable of the Sower and of the Tares" Most probably she was influenced by Galatians 6:7, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap".

Mrs. Emily Oakey was an author. Her health was very poor. It is said that in her life of nearly fifty four years "she never enjoyed a day of good health".

She was born in Albany, New York, October 8, 1829, received her education at the Albany Female Academy. Her field was English literature and the languages. She contributed to the daily press and magazine literature, but her hymn made her most popular. She died May 11, 1883.

"Lattimore, the man whose history was so strangely linked with this hymn, entered the army in 1861, a youth of eighteen with no vices, but when promoted to first lieutenant he learned to drink in the officers' mess. The habit so contracted grew upon him till when the war was over, though he married and tried to lead a sober life, he fell a victim to his appetite, and became a physical wreck. One day in the winter of 1876 he found himself in a half drunken condition in the gallery of Moody's Tabernacle, Chicago. Discovering presently that he had made a mistake, he rose to go out, but Mr. Sankey's voice chained him. He sat down and heard the whole of the thrilling hymn from beginning to end. He stumbled out with the words ringing in his ears. In the saloon, where he went to drown the awakenings of remorse, those words stood in blazing letters on every bottle and glass. The voice of God in that terrible



It is probable that Mrs. Greeley may have had in mind  
the phrase of the poet and of the farmer "Most probably  
she was influenced by Calistoga Bay, "Be not deceived, God is  
not mocked; for whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also  
reap".

Mrs. Emily Greeley was an author. Her health was very poor.  
It is said that in her life of nearly fifty years she  
never enjoyed a day of good health.

She was born in Albany, New York, October 6, 1819, received  
her education at the Albany Female Academy. Her first and English  
literature and the languages. She contributed to the daily press  
and various literary journals. Her husband died in 1854. She  
died May 11, 1893.

"Calistoga, the man whose history was so strangely linked  
with this town, entered the city in 1851, a youth of eighteen  
with no vices, but when granted a first lieutenant he learned  
to drink in the officers' mess. The habit so contracted grew  
upon him till when the war was over, though he married and tried  
to lead a sober life, he fell a victim to his appetite, and  
became a physical wreck. One day in the winter of 1870 he  
found himself in a last drunken condition in the gallery of  
Mosby's Tavern, El Paso. The overman of the night that he had  
made a mistake, he was to go out, but Mr. Hankey's voice  
obeyed him. He saw him and heard the words of the thrilling  
from the position he sat. He stumbled out with the words  
ringing in his ears. In the season, where he went to know  
the workings of the press, chaos was in place of the  
on every bottle and glass. The voice of God in that terrible

song of conviction forced him back to the Tabernacle, with his drink untasted. He went into the inquiry meeting where he found friends, and was led to Christ. His wife and child, from whom he had long been exiled, were sent for and work was found for him to do. A natural eloquence made him an attractive and efficient helper in the meetings, and he was finally persuaded to study for the ministry. His faithful pastorate of twenty years in Evanston ended with his death in 1899".<sup>(1)</sup>

14. Riley, Mary Louise.

"Let us gather up the sunbeams  
Lying all along our path;  
Let us keep the wheat and roses  
Casting out the thorns and chaff"

Chorus--

Then scatter seeds of kindness  
For our reaping by and by".

This hymn which has won its place in Gospel Hymn books, was most probably suggested by the Scripture, Romans 12:10, "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another".

Miss Riley, later Mrs. Albert Smith, the author, was born in Brighton, Monroe County, New York, May 27, 1843.

The tune to her hymn was written by Silas Jones Vail, born October 1818 and died May 20, 1883, a hatter by trade.

15. Scudder, Eliza.

I cannot find Thee! Still on restless pinion  
My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell,  
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,  
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable. (2)

1. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of Hymn and Hymn Tunes", p. 435.
2. American Student Hymnal No. 4



... of navigation forced him back to the laboratory, with  
 his spirit unbroken. He went into the laboratory where  
 he found friends, and was led to Christ. His wife and child,  
 from whom he had long been estranged, were again for and work  
 was found for him to do. A natural eloquence made him an ef-  
 fective and efficient helper in the meetings, and he was fin-  
 ally persuaded to study for the ministry. His faithful service  
 of twenty years in Tennessee ended with his death in 1897.

# 14. Riley, Mary Louise.

"Let us gather up the fragments  
 of the broken vessels;  
 Let us keep the altar and the  
 sacrifice and the church and Christ."

Chorus--  
 Then scatter seeds of kindness  
 For our reaping by and by.

This hymn which has its place in Gospel Hymn books, was  
 most probably suggested by the Scriptures, Romans 12:10, "Be  
 kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor  
 preferring one another."

Mrs. Riley, later Mrs. Albert Bell, the author, was born  
 in Brighton, Maine County, New York, May 27, 1847.  
 The tune to her hymn was written by Elias James Vail,  
 born October 17th and died May 23, 1893, a hymn by order.

# 15. Boudier, Alice.

I cannot find words to tell  
 of the love that has been  
 I would tell of it all the time  
 and would sing the sweetest hymns.

I. Boudier and Boudier, "The Story of What and How Things  
 are,"  
 2. 437.  
 3. American Student System No. 4.

Come , though with purifying fire  
 And desolating sword,  
 Thou of all nations the desire,  
 Earth waits thy cleansing word. (1)

Miss Scudder was the daughter of Elisha Gage Scudder, and was born at Barnstable, Massachusetts in 1821. Her uncle was Edward H. Sears, the celebrated Unitarian divine, author of "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear".

She lived in Boston for some time, then made her home in Salem, Massachusetts. Undoubtedly Phillips Brooks was instrumental in changing her views and gave her sweet contentment as a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Her life was one of great suffering, but she was a cheerful sufferer.

One of her splendid hymns is called "The Love of God", and was written in 1852.

"Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,  
 A shoreless, boundless sea,  
 Wherein at last our souls must fall;  
 O Love of God most free.

Another is entitled "Truth". But the lines which breath an air of divine content are "Lines for Music":

"As the lost who vainly wander,  
 As the blind who widely roam,  
 Vexed with doubt, our spirits ponder  
 Till we come to Thee--our home".

Probably her most delightful is "The Vesper Hymn", written in 1874:

"The day is done, the weary day of thought and  
 toil is past,  
 Soft falls the twilight cool and gray, on the  
 tired earth at last;  
 By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest friends  
 oppressed,  
 In Thee alone, the soul out-worn refreshment  
 finds and rest." (2)

1. American Student Hymnal No. 292

2. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs From the Hearts of Women", p.143-146.



And though with purifying fire  
And healing sword,  
When of his healing hand the battle  
Earth waits thy cleansing word. (1)

Miss Doubster was the daughter of William George Doubster,  
and was born at Bathurst, Massachusetts in 1821. Her mother  
was Edward H. Doubster, the celebrated Unitarian divine, author of  
"The Case Upon the Michigan Case".

She lived in Boston for some time, then made her home in  
Andover, Massachusetts. Undoubtedly Phillips' brother was impressed  
with the changing her views and gave her a great confidence as a  
member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.  
Her life was one of great suffering, but she was a cheer-

ful sufferer.

One of her religious hymns is called "The Love of God", and

was written in 1852.

"Thou great God, ever living,  
A thousand times, how often  
When in our hearts we feel  
O Love of God most true."

Another is entitled "Truth". But the lines which breath an

air of divine comfort are those for "Sorrow":

"As the love who vainly wander,  
In the blind who weary roam,  
Tired with doubt, and spirit's power  
Till we come to these dear home."

Probably her most delightful is "The Yeager Hymn", written

in 1854:

"The day is done, the weary day of thought and  
Toil is past,  
Soft falls the twilight and the gray, on the  
Slept earth at last;  
By ancient legends weaved, by gentlest friends  
Oppressed,  
In that alone, the soul and word-relationship  
And peace. (2)

1. William George Doubster Hymns No. 102.  
2. William George Doubster Hymns No. 103.

## 16. Servass, Mary Elizabeth 1849--

When the storms of life are raging,  
 Tempests wild on sea and land,  
 I will seek a place of refuge  
 In the shadow of God's hand.

## Chorus:

He will hide me, He will hide me,  
 Where no harm can e'er betide me,  
 He will hide me, safely hide me  
 In the shadow of His hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

So while here the cross I'm bearing,  
 Meeting storms and billows wild,  
 Jesus for my soul is saving,  
 Naught can harm His Father's child.

This hymn was probably inspired by the text, Isaiah 49:2, And he hath made my mouth like a sharp sword; in the shadow of his hand hath he hid me, and made me a polished shaft; in his quiver hath he hid me.

Miss Servass was born in Schenectady, New York August 22, 1849. As a girl she admired Fanny Crosby's work, and it was her keen desire to be like the subject of her admiration. The few hymns Miss Servass wrote have marks of the same spirit as that of her model.

Like Fanny Crosby, Miss Servass had her trials. She cared for her disabled grandmother for eighteen years, then for her mother's illness, and finally that of her father.

Some of her other hymns are "Portals of Light", "He Careth", "Patiently Enduring" and "Gates of Praise", probably the best known. (1)

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1. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of the Hymn and Hymn Tunes", pp. 442-444.





## 17. Sigourney, Lydia Huntley.

"Blest Comforter Divine!  
 Whose rays of heavenly love  
 Amid our gloom and darkness shine,  
 And point our souls above".

This hymn first came in use in 1824. It is probably her most popular one, although she wrote an inspiring hymn with good hymnic qualities, unsurpassed by any in later years on the theme of missions.

"Lovers of Christ, arise,  
 And gird you for the toil!  
 The dew of promise from the skies  
 Already cheers the soil".

She wrote also a little gem on "Faith".

"Prayer is the dew of faith,  
 Its rain-drop, night and day,  
 That guards its vital power from death  
 When cherish'd hopes decay,  
 And keeps it 'mid this changeful scene  
 A bright, perennial evergreen".

Another is a hymn for evening service,

"Lord, the shades of night surround us,  
 Homeward come Thy wandering sheep,  
 Throw Thy sheltering arm around us,  
 Safe from every danger keep;  
 Poor and needy,  
 Oh, protect us while we sleep".

Mrs. Sigourney was born at Norwich, Connecticut in 1791. She could read when three years old, and as a verse writer, her career began at eight years of age. In 1819 she was married to Charles Sigourney, a Hartford merchant, who died in 1854.

Mrs. Sigourney wrote over two thousand contributions to three hundred periodicals. Before marriage she was a Congregationalist, but after marriage she became attached to the Episcopal Church. She was a great philanthropist. Until the day of her death which occurred June 10, 1865, her uppermost thought was to do somebody some good. (1)



"Sweetest of all things,  
Sweetest of all things,  
And I am glad and happy  
To be with you all day long."

This hymn first came in use in 1841. It is probably  
her most popular one, although she wrote an inspiring hymn with  
good hymnic qualities, worshipped by her in later years on the  
theme of mission.

"Flowers of the field, arise,  
And give us for the fall;  
The dew of promise falls on you,  
Alas! you are the fall."

The words also a little run on "Fall!"

"Water is the dew of life,  
The rain-drop, night and day,  
It is the dew of life,  
Which makes the world so gay,  
And makes it all so bright,  
A world of endless day."

Another is a hymn for evening service.

"Love, the source of life,  
Gives us life and light,  
Gives us life and light,  
Gives us life and light,  
Gives us life and light,  
Gives us life and light,  
Gives us life and light,  
Gives us life and light."

Mrs. Elizabeth was born at Norwich, Connecticut in 1791.  
The family lived there until 1811, and as a young woman, her  
career began at eight years of age. In 1811 she was married to  
Charles Briggs, a Methodist minister, who died in 1834.

Mrs. Briggs was over two hundred years old when she  
died in 1891. Before marriage she was a Congre-  
gationalist, but after marriage she became attached to the  
Methodist Church. She was a great philanthropist. Until the  
day of her death she occupied her time in various  
charitable work.

## 18. Smith, Mrs. Caroline Louisa

"Tarry with me, O my Savior'.  
 For the day is passing by:  
 See the shades of evening gather,  
 And the night is drawing nigh."

Mrs. Smith was born in Salem, Massachusetts. She married Rev. Charles Smith, pastor of the South Congregational Church, Andover.

Her own account of "Tarry With Me O My Saviour" (an old man's prayer) is: "About the year 1853 I heard Rev. Dr. H. M. Dexter preach a sermon on "The Adaptedness of Religion to the Wants of the Aged". I went home and embodied the thought in the hymn "Tarry with me, O my Saviour!". I sent it to Mr. Hallock, for "The Messenger". He returned it as 'not adapted to the readers of the paper'. Years after I sent it, without my signature, to the little Andover paper....I send it to you in its original form, in a little paper of which my sister, Mrs. Terry (Rochester, New York) is editoress". (Hatfield's "Poets of the Church", New York 1884, p. 564)<sup>(1)</sup>

## 19. Storrs, Mrs. Richard Salter

"Christ the Lord is risen Today", as well as being the first line of Charles Wesley's Easter hymn, was the first line of Mrs. Storrs hymn, prepared for Sunday School use. It was probably suggested by an anonymous translation of an ancient Latin antiphony,

"Jesus Christ is risen today,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Our triumphant holy day,  
 Hallelujah!"

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1. Julian, "A Dictionary of Hymnology"., p. 1062



"Tarry with me, O my Darling!  
For the day is passing by;  
Get the kisses of evening  
And the night is drawing nigh."

Mrs. Smith was born in Salem, Massachusetts. She married  
John Smith, Captain of the Boston Company's Band.  
Salem, Mass.

Her own account of "Tarry with me, O my Darling" (an old  
and a pretty) is: "About the year 1833 I heard Rev. Dr. H. J.  
Wentworth preach a sermon on 'The Advantages of Religion to the  
Young of the Age.' I went home and copied the text in the  
margin of my Bible with me, O my Darling! I sent it to Mr. H. J.  
Wentworth. He returned it to me and added to the  
margin of the Bible, 'Tarry with me, O my Darling!' without my  
signature. It was a little better paper. I sent it to you in  
its original form, in a little copy of a letter of mine, Mrs.  
T. (Hampden, New York) is interested. (Hampden's House  
of the Church, New York 1834, p. 324)  
(1)

"Tarry with me, O my Darling" is a hymn, as well as being the  
first line of Dr. H. J. Smith's hymn, and the first  
line of Mrs. H. J. Smith's hymn, prepared for Sunday School use. It  
was probably suggested by an anonymous translation of an an-  
cient Latin anthology.

"Tarry with me, O my Darling!  
For the day is passing by;  
Get the kisses of evening  
And the night is drawing nigh!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Who endured the cross and grave,  
Hallelujah!  
Sinners to redeem and save,  
Hallelujah!"

Mrs. Stoops was the wife of Dr. Richard Salter Stoops  
of Brooklyn, New York.

20. Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher 1812-1896

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning  
breaketh,  
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows  
The solemn hush of nature newly born;  
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,  
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

\* \* \* \* \*

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,  
Its closing eyes look up to Thee in prayer,  
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershadowing,  
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

This hymn supplies thots for every worshipping heart.

The tunes "Windsor" by Barnby and "Stowe" by Charles H. Morse  
were both written for the words. We have also Mendehssohn's  
(1)  
classic interpretation.

Another well known hymn of Mrs. Stowe's is:

"When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,  
And billows wild ontend with angry roar,  
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion  
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore".(2)

She was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 15, 1812,  
daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D. In 1832 her father hav-  
ing been appointed President of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio,  
she went there with her family. In 1833 she married Rev.

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1. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of the Hymn and Hymn  
Tunes", pp. 481, 482.  
2. Hymns for the Living Age, p. 254.





Rev. Calvin E. Stowe D.D., Professor of language and Biblical literature in that institution. Her reputation as an author is well known. The success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which first appeared in "The National Era" in 1852 ensures a lasting reputation.

Her three most famous hymns which appeared in the "Plymouth Collection" edited by her brother, H. W. Beecher in 1855 are:

"Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh"--  
 Resting in God  
 "That mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord"--  
 Abiding in Jesus  
 "When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean"--  
 Peace

Her poetical pieces were published in her "Religious Poems" 1867; and from a poem therein the hymn "Knocking, knocking, who is there? (Christ knocking) in Sankey's "Sacred Songs and Solos" is adapted. (1)

Mrs. Stowe's universality may be depicted from a poem read in honor of her seventieth birthday, by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,  
 Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,  
 Hidalgo, Cossak, Cadi,  
 High Dutchman and Low Dutchman, too,  
 The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,  
 Arab, Armenian, and Mantchoo  
 Would shout, "We know the lady!"

Although her hymns have not found their way into many hymnals, their poetry is faultless and they possess a true spiritual tone. (2)

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1. Julian, "A Dictionary of Hymnology", p. 1096

2. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs From The Hearts of Women", pp.101-104



Rev. Calvin E. Stowe D.D., Professor of Language and Literature  
 literature in that institution. Her reputation as an author  
 is well known. The success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which first  
 appeared in "The Boston Herald" in 1851 excited a lasting repu-  
 tation.

Her three most famous hymns which appeared in the "Hymn  
 Collection" edited by her husband, W. W. Stowe in 1857 are:  
 "Glad, glad, glad, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes"  
 "Glad, glad, glad, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes"  
 "Glad, glad, glad, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes"  
 "Glad, glad, glad, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes"  
 "Glad, glad, glad, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes"

Her practical piety was also reflected in her religious  
 poems, 1857; and from a poem which she wrote "The Hymn"  
 known as, and is known (Glad, glad, glad) in Stowe's "Hymns"  
 (1)  
 Stowe and Calvin are married.  
 W. W. Stowe's autobiography may be regarded as a poem  
 which is based on her husband's life, of which she was

Witness:

"Glad, glad, glad, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes"  
 "Glad, glad, glad, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes"  
 "Glad, glad, glad, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes"  
 "Glad, glad, glad, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes"  
 "Glad, glad, glad, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes"  
 "Glad, glad, glad, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes"

Although her hymns have not found their way into any  
 hymnals, their spirit is Christian and very genuine and true  
 spiritual love.

1. Stowe, W. W. "Glad, glad, glad, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes"

2. Stowe, W. W. "Glad, glad, glad, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes"

## 21. Warner, Anna B. 1821-1910

Miss Warner was one of the well known "Wetherell Sisters", joint authors of "The Wide World", "Queechy", and many popular romances. Her pen name is Amy Lothrop and under which much of her religious hymns and poems have been published. She was born in 1820 at Martlaer, West Point, New York.

The hymn we most love was written in 1858:

"We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen  
Across this little landscape of our life;  
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen,  
For the last weariness, the final strife".(1)

The Mendelssohn air "Felix" has done much in making this hymn live.

## 22. Walker, Anna L. 1836-1907 (Canadian)

John 9:4. The night cometh when no man can work.

"Work for the Night is Coming,  
Work through the morning hours,  
Work, while the dew is sparkling,  
Work, 'mid springing flowers.

In some hymnals the author's name is given as Anna L. Coghill. The explanation being that she married Mr. Coghill.

Miss Walker was born in England and early in life came to Canada. Her father was a civil engineer or railway contractor. Mr. Walker settled in Sarnia in 1858. Anna Louisa was the younger of his three daughters, who kept a school for young ladies. After a few years the two older sisters died and the school was closed. A lady who attended their school writes, "They were very English, very dignified, and somewhat exclusive, but were excellent teachers, especially in the departments of history and English literature. Anna was the youngest and

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1. Hymns for the Living Age, p. 268





best looking of the three sisters. At times her face had a pensive and somewhat dreamy expression. Her manner was gentle and sweet".

In one of her poems she describes the joy and beauty which she found in this new world;

The sky was cloudless of that loveliest blue,  
Not dark, but light like the bright forget-me-not,  
That jewel of the hedgerows.  
And then our river! How I love to watch  
Its dancing, rippling waters, and today  
They had an added dower of loveliness.  
All over the bright surface, deeply blue,  
Glittered and sparkled with a thousand rays,  
Gems, corals and chains of broken ice.

We find also a touch of humor in some of her works as in one dedicated to the convention of Women's Rights, prefaced with the following lines from Punch:

"Our husbands they may scold or snore,  
Or bake, or fry, or stew,  
While we this man-spoiled world restore  
And make it good and new".

Miss Walker was a cultured woman as may be seen in the wide range of subjects, classical and literary. Altho her works extend beyond the little hymn "Work for The Night is Coming" it is as the author of this hymn that she is remembered. (1)

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1. Mahon, A. Wylie, B.D., "Canadian Hymns and Hymn Writers", pp. 30-37.



best looking of the three sisters. As always her face had a  
gentle and somewhat dreamy expression. Her manner was gentle  
and sweet.

In one of her poems she described the joy and beauty which  
she found in this new world:

The sky was blue as blue at that moment  
The sun was like a bright golden-god,  
The world of the mountains  
And then the river, and I love to watch  
The flowing, rippling waters, and the song  
They have as they move about at low tide,  
All over the bright surface, ready to sing,  
Glistened and glittered with a thousand eyes,  
Green, white, and shades of broken ice.

At first a touch of frost in some of her poems  
is one devoted to the celebration of winter's rights, prefaced  
with the following lines from Robert:

"But sometimes they may melt or freeze,  
Or melt, or freeze, or melt,  
While we are waiting for the spring  
And melt at last and melt."

These poems are a collection written as they are seen in the  
wide range of subjects, historical and literary. Among her  
works extend beyond the limits of "The Night is Dark"  
(1) It is in the history of this poem that she is remembered.

## V

## Famous Women Translators

Borthwick, Jane. 1813-1897.

Miss Borthwick was born in Edinburgh in 1813. She and her younger sister, Mrs. Findlater, jointly translated over one hundred hymns, published in 1854 "Hymns From the Land of Luther" and contributed many poetical pieces to the "Family Treasury". Her death occurred in 1897.

She is known best for her translations from the German. She translated Gerhard Tersteezen's "God Calling Yet!"

"God calling yet! shall I not hear?  
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?  
Shall life's swift-passing years all fly,  
And still my soul in slumber lie?"

Another translation, imitating the German metre, more euphonious but less fitted to music because of its feminine rhyme is:

"God calling yet! and shall I never hearken?  
But still earth's witcheries my spirit darken;  
This passing life, these passing joys all flying,  
And still my soul in dreamy slumbers lying?" (1)

Tersteezen was a pious mystic born in Westphalia in 1697. At twenty-one he wrote a covenant between his Saviour and his soul, using his own blood for the transcription and signature.  
(2)  
His hymns number more than a hundred.

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1. Brown and Butterworth, "The Story of The Hymn and Hymn Tunes", p. 103.

2. Smith, Nicholas, "Songs from the Hearts of Women", p. 108.



Prose Women Translators

Forster, Jane. 1813-1897.

Miss Forster was born in Edinburgh in 1813. She and her younger sister, Mrs. Thackeray, jointly translated over one hundred hymns, published in 1854. "Hymns from the Land of Luther" and contributed many "hymns" to the "Family Treasury". Her death occurred in 1897.

She is known best for her translations from the German. The translated German text is "God Calling Yell".

"God calling yell! and I will I not deny  
But still I will I will I will deny  
And still I will I will I will deny  
And still I will I will I will deny"

Another translation, "Calling the Church to Order", more euphonious but less fitted to music because of its feminine

rhyme is:

"God calling yell! and I will I never deny  
But still I will I will I will deny  
This calling yell, these calling yell, these calling yell  
And still I will I will I will deny" (1)

Forster was a pious woman born in Scotland in 1813. At twenty-one she wrote a covenant between her brother and his soul, using his own mind for the translation and signature. His name number was then a hundred.

1. Brown and Ballerstein. "The Story of the Hymn and Hymn Tunes", p. 103.

2. Smith, Nicholas. "Songs from the Hymns of Women", p. 103.

Probably she is best known for her translation in 1853 of that beautiful hymn of Benjamin Schmalke, a Lutheran minister and noted hymnist, written 1716, "Mein Jesu, Wie du Willst".

"My Jesus, As Thou wilt;  
O may Thy will be mine!  
Into Thy hand of love  
I would my all resign.

Thro' sorrow or thro' joy,  
Conduct me as Thine own,  
And help me still to say,  
My Lord, Thy will be done".

This hymn has served as a comfort to many a mourner.

Another translation is that of Nicolaus L. Von Zinzendorf's "Jesus, Still Lead On", written in 1721. It was translated by her in 1846.

"Jesus, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won;  
And, although the way be cheerless  
We will follow, calm and fearless;  
Guide us by thy hand  
To our Father-land. (1)

She has also given us an admirable translation of Carl J. P. Spitta's "O Happy Home", written in 1833. It was translated in 1853.

"O happy home, where thou art loved the dearest,  
Thou loving Friend and Saviour of our race,  
And where among the guests there never cometh  
One who can hold such high and honored place".

Miss Borthwick was born in Edinburg in 1813, and died in 1897. There can scarcely be found a hymnal in either England or America in which some of her translations are not found.

Campbell, Jane Montgomery

Miss Campbell is known for the translation from the German of Matthias Claudius' "Die Felder Wir Pflügen Und Streuen", written in 1782, translated in 1861.



Probably she is best known for her translation in 1881  
of that beautiful hymn of Teilhard de Chardin, a Frenchman  
and noted mystic, written 1918, which reads, "We are willing."

"We are willing, as Thou wilt;  
O may Thy will be done!  
Into Thy hand of love  
I would my all resign."

"Thou, O Father, art our God,  
Grant us as Thine own,  
And keep us still to Thy  
Will, Thy will be done."

This hymn was set to music by a composer for many a worshiper.  
Another translation is that of Nicholas F. Davis, written  
about 1900, still less good, written in 1912. It was trans-  
lated by her in 1886.

"Lead us, O Lord, we pray,  
Thou art our God and King;  
And, although the way is thorny,  
Be still our guide and King;  
Guide us by Thy hand  
To Thy Father-land. (1)"

She has also given us an admirable translation of Gail W.  
P. Spiller's "O Happy Home," written in 1892. It was translated  
in 1895.

"O happy home, where thou art loved the best,  
Thou lovest, O Lord, and Father of us all;  
And where none of us shall ever rest,  
One who can hold such high and happy place."

Miss Campbell was born in Edinburgh in 1811, and died in  
1897. There are scarcely to be found a hymn in either England  
or America in which some of her translations are not found.

Campbell, Jane Montgomery

Miss Campbell is known for the translation from the German  
of Nicholas Chabrier's "The Father of the Father and Son."  
written in 1882, translated in 1881.  
1. Hymns for the Living Age, No. 10.

"We plough the fields and scatter  
 The good seed on the land,  
 But it is fed and watered  
 By God's Almighty hand,  
 He sends the snow in winter,  
 The warmth to swell the grain,  
 The breezes, and the sunshine  
 And soft, refreshing rain,  
 All, all good gifts around us  
 Are sent from heaven above;  
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord  
 For all His love!"

Her identity has never been traced. Probably her name has been brot to light by this one unpretending achievement.

Winkworth, Catherine (1829-1878)

Catherine Winkworth is known as an English translator of hymns. She was born in London September 13, 1827. She contributed many results of her work to two English editions of the "Lyra Germanica", to the "Church Book of England" and to "Christian Singers of Germany". She died in 1878.

Hers was the translation from the German of the battle song sung during the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648), written by Rev. Johan Michael Altenberg.

"Fear not, O little flock, the foe  
 Who madly seek your overthrow,  
 Dread not his rage and power:  
 What though your courage sometimes faints,  
 His seeming triumph o'er God's saints  
 Lasts but a little hour."

Another of her famous translations was Martin Rinkart's "Nun Danket", written in 1636, and translated by her in 1858.

"Now thank we all our God  
 With heart and hands and voices,  
 Who wondrous things hath done,  
 In whom his world rejoices;  
 Who from our mother's arms,  
 Hath blessed us on our way  
 With countless gifts of love,  
 And still is ours today." (1)

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1. American Student Hymnal, p. 303.



"The ground the fields and garden  
 The road and the road and garden  
 But it is the road and garden  
 By God's almighty hand  
 He made the road and garden  
 The ground the fields and garden  
 The road and the road and garden  
 And God, the almighty hand  
 All the good things about us  
 Are made from God's hand  
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord  
 For all His favours

Her identity has never been traced. Probably her name  
 has been lost to light by this one unrecorded achievement.

Winnifred, Catherine (1837-1878)

Catherine Winnifred is known as an English translator of  
 hymns. She was born in London September 13, 1837. She contrib-  
 uted many translations of her own to the English editions of the  
 "Psalms", to the "Church Book of England", and to "Gospel  
 and Hymns of Germany". She died in 1878.

Here was the translation from the German of the psalm  
 song which under the title "The Church Book", written by  
 Rev. John Augustus Winnifred.

"There was a little flock, the low  
 The meek and lowly Jesus  
 Gave out his life and power;  
 What should our hearts be doing  
 His precious blood to drink  
 And love him with all heart?"

Another of her famous translations was "The Church Book"  
 "The Church Book", written in 1838, and translated by her in 1858.

"We thank you all our God  
 With heart and hands and voices,  
 The endless praise we bring  
 In words and melody;  
 Who from our hearts are true,  
 Each blessing on our way  
 With countless gifts of love,  
 And still is ours today." (1)

In 1858 she translated Benjamin Schmolck's "Light of Light", written in 1714.

"Light of Light, enlighten me,  
Now anew the day is dawning,  
Sun of grace, the shadows flee;  
Brighten thou my Sabbath morning;  
With thy jousous sunshine blest,  
Happy is my day of rest."

In 1853 she gave us the translation from the German of Paul Gerhardt's hymn written in 1650.

"Since Jesus is my friend,  
And to him I belong,  
It matters not what foes intend,  
However fierce and strong." (1)

In 1858 she also translated from the German Paul Gerhardt's hymn of 1656:

"All my heart this night rejoices,  
As I hear, Far and near,  
Sweetest angel voices;  
'Christ is born', their choirs are singing,  
Till the air everywhere  
Now with joy is ringing".

Other works of Miss Winkworth are:

"Tender Shepherd Thou Hast Stilled"  
"Christ the Lord is Risen Today"  
"Now God Be With Us for The Night is Coming"  
"We All Believe in One True God".

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1. American Student Hymnal, p. 202.



In 1952 the translated Benjamin Sachs's "Light of Light"

written in 1914.

"Light of Light" followed me,  
How new the day is dawning,  
The old stage, the shadows fled;  
Remember then my sacred mission;  
With my hands reaching out to bless,  
Happy is my day of rest."

In 1953 she gave us the translation from the German of

Paul Gertner's poem written in 1950.

"These things in my friend,  
And by his I believe,  
It is not what I see in him,  
However close and strong."

In 1955 she also translated from the German Paul Gertner's

poem of 1954:

"All my heart with glad rejoicing,  
As I find, far and near,  
Angels and angels' voices;  
'Christ is born', their shouts are ringing,  
Fill the air everywhere,  
Now with joy is ringing."

Other works of mine which are:

"Under Shepherd's Star I'll go"  
"Christ the Lord is Risen Today"  
"The Lord is with Us for the World is Coming"  
"We All Believe in One True God."

## VI

## WOMEN IN MODERN RELIGIOUS VERSE

When one takes up one of the best modern hymnals, he finds it to be a careful selection from several hundred thousand hymns, the cream of the whole. The process of exclusion has been carried on with strict regard to certain principles which must be applied. These canons have been set forth by Louis F. Benson. He claims that hymns must be selected on the following criteria.

1. It must be genuine lyric, something singable, the expression of noble feeling that naturally burst into song.
2. It must have literary excellence, in the felicity of its phrases, in the good taste of its imagery.
3. It must have liturgical propriety, and be adapted to the purpose of worship
4. It must be reverent, as befits the service of religion in the presence of God.
5. It must have spiritual reality, being neither insincere nor untrue, avoiding all exaggerated statements of personal feeling and sensationalism.

It seems that if these tests are faithfully applied, a great many that have passed with careless collators of worship song would have to be discarded. <sup>(1)</sup> Much is being done in late editing of our Church hymnals to cultivate a noble taste in Church song, by a judicious selection of what shall be sung. Previously, we have been greatly at fault for choosing a hymn for the music rather than the words, but this is being corrected in our Modern editing.

Great changes being made in our modern works serve to eradicate the shortcomings of our earlier methods. Mere di-



WOMEN IN MODERN RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS

When we look up one of the best modern hymnals, we find it to be a collection of several hundred hymns. The process of evolution has been very slow. The hymns of the past are still being used, and new ones are being added. The hymns of the past are still being used, and new ones are being added. The hymns of the past are still being used, and new ones are being added.

1. It is not a religious hymn, something religious, something religious, something religious.

2. It is not a religious hymn, something religious, something religious, something religious.

3. It is not a religious hymn, something religious, something religious, something religious.

4. It is not a religious hymn, something religious, something religious, something religious.

5. It is not a religious hymn, something religious, something religious, something religious.

It seems that if there were a religious hymn, it would be a religious hymn.

There are many hymns which have been written by women, and they are very good.

There are many hymns which have been written by women, and they are very good.

There are many hymns which have been written by women, and they are very good.

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There are many hymns which have been written by women, and they are very good.

dactic hymns which were intended simply to enforce doctrine, and not to express devout feeling, (especially if the doctrine is faulty) are no longer used as the lyrics of faith, as they were in the period of early hymnody. An example of this previous fault may be noted in the verse founded on Psalms 51:12. Fortunately, we have passed the age when we would sing such a version as this:

"Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts his race and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath  
The seeds of sin grow up for death;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart  
But we're defiled in every part.

Such verse is no longer in keeping with our present day philosophy of life. Surely it was carried a good deal further than David intended that it should be, and it should rightly be discarded as a song for the Church.

In our modern hymnbook we can find no such verse as:

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll,  
Damnation and the dead".

fostering stern and terrifying dogmatic statements; or

"Great God, how infinite art thou!  
What worthless worms are we!"

belittling God's noblest creation. Such religious verse has passed into disuse, for modern hymn writers and hymnlovers realize that it almost like travesties of the Christian religion, so foreign are they to the teachings and spirit of Christ. When we see what people in the "good old times" were willing to sing, we are not greatly surprised at the offering of a devout poetaster of a later day, quoted by Rev. W. Garrett Horder of London in one of his lectures in this country:



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"My heart is like a rustly lock;  
 Lord, oil it by thy grace;  
 And rub it, rub it, rub it, Lord,  
 Till it reflect thy face.

After reading such religious verse it makes us rejoice to be able to compare it with our modern verse, which we recognize at once as being of higher standard and sounder taste. When we study all the types, we are only too willing to turn away from the mere rhymed dogmatics to the truly devotional. We have a splendid abundance of it, set to noble and inspiring music.

Having thus found what modern religious verse is not, let us turn to a study of what it is, and consider the great contributions of our women writers in this field.

One of our foremost famous contributors is Katherine Lee Bates. She was born August 12, 1859 at Falmouth, Massachusetts, the daughter of Rev. William and Cornelia Frances (Lee) Bates. She received her A. B. from Wellsley College in 1880; her A.M. in 1891, her L. L. D in 1925 and Litt D. at Middlebury College 1914 and Oberlin 1916. She taught in Natick High School 1880-1881, Dana Hall 1881-1885; was instructor in English Literature in 1885-88, associate professor 1888-1891, professor 1891-1925 and professor emeritus since 1925, at Wellsley College.

Miss Bates is the author of

College Beautiful and Other Poems, 1887  
 Rose and Thorn (prize story), 1889  
 Sunshine and Other Verses for Children, 1890  
 Hermit Island (story) 1891  
 English Religious Drama (lectures), 1893  
 American Literature, 1898  
 Spanish Highways and By-ways, 1900  
 From Gretna Green to Land's End, 1907  
 The Story of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims  
 Retold for Children, 1909





America the Beautiful and Other Poems, 1911  
 In Sunny Spain (a story) 1913  
 Fairy Gold (Poems for children), 1916  
 The Retinue and Other Poems, 1928  
 Sigurd, Our Golden Collie and  
 Other Comrades of the Road, 1919  
 Little Robin Stay Behind, and other  
 plays in verse for children, 1923

Besides, she is noted for the great amount of editing which she did. We also know her as a translator, for she with Cornelia Frances Bates, translated "Becquer's Romantic Legends of Spain", 1909. Her home is in Wellsley, Massachusetts. (1)

To such a personage as this, we owe a great deal, for she has given us some beautiful hymns. One of the most loved modern hymns came from her pen. It is filled with striking imagery, through word pictures, portraying our country as vividly probably as any artist could.

"O beautiful for spacious skies,  
 For amber waves of grain,  
 For purple mountains majesties  
 Above the fruited plain!  
 America! America!  
 God shed his grace on thee,  
 And crown thy good with brotherhood  
 From sea to shining sea". (1)

Another splendid contribution she has made is:

"Dear God our Father, at thy knee confessing  
 Our sins and follies, close in thine embrace,  
 Children forgiven, happy in thy blessing,  
 Deepen our spirits to receive thy grace. (2)

Another stately Christmas verse she has given us:

"The Kings of the East are riding  
 Tonight to Bethlehem.  
 The sunset glows dividing,  
 The Kings of the East are riding;  
 A star their journey guiding,  
 Gleaming with gold and gem.  
 The Kings of the East are riding  
 Tonight to Bethlehem. (3)

1. American Student Hymnal No. 282
2. Ibid., No. 144
3. Ibid., No. 326





Miss Bates has made no minor contributions to our modern hymn book.

Amy Sherman Bridgman wrote in 1917:

"O Thou, Jehovah, Sovereign in battle,  
Stoop to our sorrow; hear us we pray,  
Grant us thy solace; give us thy comfort,  
One mighty nation, mourning today.

Loudly cried freedom; to her they answered;  
Here, in our anguish, yet speaks our pride;  
To her we gave them; thou couldst not save them,  
For her they battled; for her they died.

From her, their crowning; to her, their chora;  
Deathless their glory; boundless their sky;  
Grant them thy guerdon, give us thy comfort,  
O God of nations, to thee we cry. (1)

Here, God is recognized as a God of all nations, and a long-hoped for step toward world brotherhood is made.

Amelia Josephine Burr made a splendid contribution in her religious verse:

"O Lord of Love!  
Shall we not understand,  
Who in our comfort are so grossly blind?  
We prosper to the height of our desire--  
How should our rich and busy hands require  
Aught of the wounded Hand?

Till comes a day when we are under fire,  
Spent, bleeding, striped of our complacent pride,  
And beaten to the last extremity,  
Then, then a living presence at our side,  
White Comrade, we find Thee. (2)

Miss Burr was born in New York City, the daughter of Louis Heman and Josephine (Allen) Burr. She received her A.B. at Hunter College, New York. In 1921 she married Rev. Carl Hopkins Elmore.

1. American Student Hymnal, No. 121
2. Ibid., No. 82





Some of her noted works are:

The Roadside Fire, 1912  
 In Deep Places (verse), 1914  
 A Dealer in Empire, 1915  
 Life and Living (verse), 1916  
 The Silver Trumpet, 1918  
 Hearts Awake (verse) 1919  
 A Child's Garden in India, 1922  
 The Three Fires, 1922  
 Little Houses, 1923

She was also the editor of "Sylvander and Clarinda"

In 1919-20 she made a trip around the world. Her home is in  
 (1)  
 Englewood, New Jersey.

To Miss Burr we are most thankful for the beautiful hymn  
 which will undoubtedly become the cherished possession of hymn  
 lovers.

Vera Campbell in 1913 wrote some splendid religious  
 verse, giving us very attractively our modern, logical concept,  
 and furthering the cause of the "vast brotherhood of man".

"God of the nations, hear our call;  
 Thou who art Father of us all,  
 Show us our part in thy great plan  
 For the vast brotherhood of man.

May we, a nation blessed with light,  
 Be ever truer to the right,  
 That nations in our life may see  
 The power which we derive from thee.

Let us with earnestness and youth  
 Care only for pursuit of truth.  
 O may we feel thy guidance still  
 And heed the impulse of thy will.

Thus, as thy kingdom cometh here,  
 Shall it throughout the world draw near;  
 And loyalty to country then  
 Shall reach out to include all men. (2)

1. Who's Who in America, p. 384

2. American Student Hymnal No. 276



Some of the most important works are:

- The Elements of Euclid, 1911
- In Quest of the Absolute, 1912
- A Dialogue in Mathematics, 1912
- Logic and Language, 1913
- The Philosophy of Language, 1913
- Modern Logic, 1913
- A Study of the Foundations of Logic, 1913
- The Philosophy of Science, 1913
- Logic and Language, 1913

The author has also written several other works, including:

In 1910-11, the author wrote a book on the philosophy of language. This book is an

essay.

Professor, New York.

In 1912, the author wrote a book on the philosophy of language. This book is an

essay. It is a study of the foundations of logic, and is a study of the foundations of logic.

1913.

The author has also written several other works, including:

Logic and Language, 1913

The Philosophy of Language, 1913

Modern Logic, 1913

A Study of the Foundations of Logic, 1913

The Philosophy of Science, 1913

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A Study of the Foundations of Logic, 1913

The Philosophy of Science, 1913

Logic and Language, 1913

The Philosophy of Language, 1913

Modern Logic, 1913

A Study of the Foundations of Logic, 1913

The Philosophy of Science, 1913

Logic and Language, 1913

Emily Dickinson has contributed a little poem which has been set to music by Peter Christian Lutkin, 1927.

"If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain,  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin unto his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain,  
I shall not live in vain." (1)

Such a philosophy of life is well worth having, and Miss Dickinson has most certainly struck a responsive note in the hearts of many hymn lovers through the production of this verse.

Mary C. D. Hamilton has given us a hymn of guidance, and it is especially appealing to the spirit of the youth of today by virtue of its element of current adventure.

"Lord, guard and guide the men who fly  
Through the great spaces of the sky;  
Be with them traversing the air,  
In darkening storms or sunshine fair.

Thou who dost keep the tender night  
The balanced birds in all their flight,  
Thou of the tempered winds, be near,  
That, having Thee, they know no fear.

Control their minds with instinct fit  
What time, adventuring, they quit  
The firm security of land;  
Grant steadfast eye and skilful hand.

Aloft in solitude of space,  
Uphold them with thy saving grace,  
O God, protect the men who fly  
Through lonely ways beneath the sky. (2)

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1. American Student Hymnal No. 226

2. Ibid., No. 187



Early Childhood was associated with a little boy who had

been sent to school by his mother (Mrs. J. W. ...)

"If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life of aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin into his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain." (1)

Such a philosophy of life is well worth having, and

Miss Kinsman has most certainly shown a responsive note

in the words of many hymns, through the provision of

this volume.

My F. J. Kinsman was a man of a warm and open

and it is especially gratifying to the editor of the youth of

today to know of the amount of spiritual assistance

that he has given to the youth of the land. It is a privilege to know that he has given to the youth of the land. It is a privilege to know that he has given to the youth of the land.

That the youth of the land should have such a friend is a privilege. That the youth of the land should have such a friend is a privilege. That the youth of the land should have such a friend is a privilege.

Grant that youth with friends like this. Grant that youth with friends like this. Grant that youth with friends like this.

Alas in moments of stress, Up to the youth with the saving grace, O God, protect the new day. Through lonely ways, through lonely ways, through lonely ways.

1. American Standard Hymnal No. 225

2. Ibid., No. 137

Marianne Hearn, in 1887 wrote a hymn for youth, which is being adopted by them as a helpful hymn. Joseph Barnby furnished the tune "Just as I Am" in 1893.

"Just as I am, thine own to be,  
Friend of the young, who lovest me,  
To consecrate myself to Thee,  
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,  
My life to give, my vows to pay,  
With no reserve and no delay,  
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,  
I would work ever for the right,  
I would serve thee with all my might;  
Therefore, to Thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong, and free,  
To be the best that I can be  
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,  
Lord of my life, I come. (1)

Katherine Huntington in 1920 gave us a hymn of praise to God, showing God to the world as a friend and companion of all men of all nations, a vavorable contribution to modern hymnody. The Netherlands folk-song used as the tune forms a most stately and fitting setting for the text.

"The Lord, in his righteousness, judges the people;  
The mountains and hills by his rule are secure;  
The men of all nations throughout all generations  
Shall honor him as long as the sun shall endure.

His blessings he scatters like showers from the heavens,  
Like rain on the fields when the grass is new mown,  
His peace is descending, abundant, never ending;  
The needy and oppressed doth he count as his own.

From sea unto sea shall he spread his cominon,  
From the end of the earth to the rivers that run;  
The isles of the ocean shall offer him devotion,  
All kings shall bow before him, all nations be one. (2)

1. American Student Hymnal No. 136
2. Ibid., No. 27.



William Wordsworth in 1837 wrote a letter to John

Keats, in which he expressed his admiration for the poet.

He wrote that he had read Keats's poetry

and that he was struck by the beauty of the verse.  
He also mentioned that he was struck by the  
simplicity and directness of the language.

Wordsworth also mentioned that he was struck by the  
power of the imagery in Keats's poetry.  
He wrote that he was struck by the way in which  
Keats had used the language to create a vivid picture

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Keats had used the language to create a vivid picture

Rosmond Kimball in 1918 gave us one of the finest, most stirring verse of patriotism ever written. The tune "Judas Maccabaeus" of Handel 1747, forms a most thrilling setting.

"Hark to the sound, it rings from sea to sea;  
Hark to the call, the call of liberty.  
Deep thunderous notes of freedoms mighty voice  
Rise, sons of earth! America, rejoice.  
Behold the nations joined to conquer wrong;  
Fierce was the struggle, dark the night and long.  
From battle's din there dawns another day;  
Chil dren of freedom, open wide the way.

America, beneath thy wings we stand.  
Thy sons and daughters born in this free land.  
Thee will we serve, lift freedom's truth divine,  
America! through us thy light shall shine.  
Lift up thine eyes, behold the shining throng,  
Thousands are joining in the world's new song.  
Maidens and youths in service lead the way;  
All hail, all hail humanity's new day." (1)

Florence Lauer Kite has given to the modern world a splendid School hymn, which was set to music by Alfred M. Greenfield in 1927. It is a hymn of guidance:

"O Christ, our leader and our way,  
Guide thou our steps as onward still  
We journey toward thy holy hill,  
Though clouds hand dark and foes dismay.

O Christ, our Master, who art truth,  
Be with the teacher and the taught,  
That words with thy clear wisdom fraught  
May find swift answer in our youth

O Christ, our Saviour, fill our need,  
That when our school shall bid us go,  
All men may find our lives aglow  
With Thee, in whom is life indeed. (2)

Edna St. Vincent Millay we know as an author. Some of her most pupular works are:

Renascence and Other Poems, 1917  
Figs from Thistles, 1920  
Second April, 1921

1. American Student Hymnal No. 285
2. Ibid., No. 340



1119  
"Resurrection" of March 1747, from a most thrilling account.  
The same "Resurrection" of March 1747, from a most thrilling account.

"Hark to the sound, it rings from far and near;  
Hark to the call, the call of liberty.  
Deep throats utter a freedom's mighty voice  
And, none of earth's voices, rejoice.  
Behold the nation joined in common wrong;  
Glorious was the struggle, dark the night and long.  
From battle's din there came another day;  
Call them of freedom, open wide the way.

America, demand thy wings no stand.  
The song and trumpet born in this free land.  
There all we move, life freedom's truth divine,  
America! through us thy light shall shine.  
Lift up thine eyes, behold the shining wrong,  
Thou art the joining in the world's new song.  
With us and yours in service lead the way;  
All hail, all hail humanity's new day. (1)

"Resurrection" of March 1747, from a most thrilling account.  
The same "Resurrection" of March 1747, from a most thrilling account.  
The same "Resurrection" of March 1747, from a most thrilling account.

O Christ, our leader and our way,  
Guide thou our steps as onward still  
We journey toward thy holy hill,  
Though clouds be dark and seas be dreary.  
O Christ, our leader, who art true,  
Be with the teacher and the taught,  
That words with thy clear wisdom fraught  
May find swift answer in our youth.  
O Christ, our Saviour, fill our need,  
That when our school shall bid us go,  
All men may find our lives set free  
With thee, in whom is life indeed. (2)

Edna St. Vincent Millay we know as an author. Some of  
her most popular poems are:

- Resurrection and Other Poems, 1917
- Wings from Thelma, 1930
- Second April, 1911
- I. American Student Hyman No. 197
- 2. Ibid., No. 340

Aria da Capa, 1921  
 The Lamp and the Bell, 1921  
 Two Slatterns and a King, 1921  
 The Harp Weaver and Other Poems, 1923

Miss Millay was born at Rockland, Maine, February 22, 1892, the daughter of Henry Tolman and Cora (Buzzelle) Millay. Her A. B. was received from Vassar 1917. In 1923 she married Eugen Jan Boissevain. She was the winner of the Pulitzer prize for the last volume of verse, in 1922. Her home is in New York, New York.<sup>(1)</sup>

We are indebted to Edna St. Vincent Millay for a religious poem which in 1927 was set to music by Hugh Porter.

"O God, I cried, no dark disguise  
 Can e'er hereafter hide from me  
 Thy radiant identity,  
 Thy radiant identity.

Thou canst not move across the grass  
 But my quick eyes will see thee pass,  
 Nor speak, however silently,  
 But my hushed voice will answer thee.

I know the path that tells the way  
 Through the cool eve of every day.  
 God, I can push the grass apart  
 And lay my finger on thy heart.

The world stands out on either side  
 No wider than the heart is wide;  
 Above the world is stretched the sky--  
 No higher than the soul is high.

The heart can push the sea and land  
 Farther away on either hand;  
 The soul can split the sky in two,  
 And let the face of God shine through. (2)

Margaret Sangster 1838-1912, is known as an author of

Friends O' Mine, 1913  
 Real People and Dreams, 1914  
 Poems--Cross Roads, 1919  
 The Islands of Faith (novel), 1921

1. Who's Who in America, p. 1356
2. American Student Hymnal, No. 166





Your Book and Mine, 1923  
 Five Thousand a Year, 1924  
 The Hill of Ambition, 1925

She also contributed many poems and stories to magazines. Margaret Sangster was born in Brooklyn, New York on September 27, 1894, daughter of George Munson and Ida May (Demarest) Sangster. She received her education at Miss Townsend's School, Newark, New Jersey. On June 26, 1920 she married Carroll McCoy Sheridan.

Since 1913, she has served as associate editor of the "Christian Herald". She is a member of the Christian Herald Children's Home Board; a member of the Bowery Mission, the author's League of America, and was a Congregationalist by faith. Her home was in Gramercy Park, New York. (1)

She too has made some worthwhile contributions to our modern hymnody.

"Comes any good from Nazareth?  
 The scornful challenge as of old  
 If flung on many a jeering breath  
 From cloistered cells and marts of gold.

Comes any good from Nazareth?  
 Behold the mighty Nazarene,  
 The Lord of life, the Lord of death,  
 Thro' warring ages walks serene.

One touch upon the garment's fringe  
 Still heals the hurt of bitter years,  
 Before him yet the demons cringe,  
 He gives the wine of joy for tears.

O city of the Carpenter,  
 Upon hill slope old and gray,  
 The world amid its pain and stir  
 Turns yearning eyes on thee today.

For he who dwelt in Nazareth,  
 And wrought with toil of hand and brain,  
 Alone gives victory to faith  
 Until the day he comes again. (2)

1. Who's Who in America, p. 1678  
 2. American Student Hymnal No. 69



Year, 1933  
Five thousand a year, 1934  
The Hall of Mirrors, 1935

The also contributed many books and stories to magazines.

Michael Ganssler was born in Brooklyn, New York on September 11, 1904, daughter of George Ganssler and Ida May (Dewey) Ganssler. She received her education at Miss Townsend's School, New York City. On June 25, 1935 she married Harry Ganssler.

Since 1931, she has served as assistant editor of the

"Christian Herald". She is a member of the Christian Herald

Children's Home Board a member of the Society Mission, the

author's books of verse, and a compilation of Latin

her home in Brooklyn, New York. (1)

The two daughters have contributed to the

Christian Herald.

"Come and see the wonders  
The world has to offer  
It is a world of beauty  
The Christian Herald will tell you of it."

Come and see the wonders  
The world has to offer  
It is a world of beauty  
The Christian Herald will tell you of it."

Come and see the wonders  
The world has to offer  
It is a world of beauty  
The Christian Herald will tell you of it."

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It is a world of beauty  
The Christian Herald will tell you of it."

Come and see the wonders  
The world has to offer  
It is a world of beauty  
The Christian Herald will tell you of it."

1. Who's Who in America, 1933  
2. Christian Herald, New York City

Miss Sangster's other contribution is a prayer hymn, sung to "Truro" on "Duke Street" .

"Forget thou not, O Christ, who stand  
Thy vanguard in the distant land  
In flood, in flame, in dark, in dread,  
Sustain, we pray, each lifted head.

Exalt them over every fear,  
In peril come thyself more near.  
Be with thine own, thy loved, who stand,  
Christ's vanguard, in the storm-swept land. (1)

Irene F. Williams gives us a grace or blessing which may be sung to the tune "Montreat".

"Our Father, God, whose mercies still abide,  
For all our wants thou dost in love provide,  
Humbly we thank thee, joyously we praise thee,  
Pledge we our lives to serve thee all our days. (2)

Frances W. Wile in 1912 wrote a hymn of praise to the God of all nature. The tune to which it is sung is Shackelford, by Cheeswright, 1880.

"All beautiful the march of days,  
As seasons come and go;  
The hand that shaped the rose hath wrought  
The crystal of the snow;  
Hath sent the hoary frost of heaven,  
The flowing waters sealed,  
And laid a silent loveliness  
On hill and wood and field.

O'er white expanses sparkling pure  
The radiant morns unfold;  
The solemn splendors of the night  
Burn brighter through the cold;  
Life mounts in every throbbing vein,  
Love deepens round the hearth,  
And clearer sounds the angel hymn,  
'Good will to men on earth!'

---

1. American Student Hymnal. No. 117

2. American Student Hymnal No. 397



the composer's other contribution as a great hymn, and

to "Gloria" or "Gloria Patri".

"For ever and ever, O Christ, who alone  
Thy vanguard in the distant land  
In blood, in flame, in glory, in death,  
Alone, as they, with lifted hand,

Smile them over every fear,  
In peace come thyself, O Christ,  
He who bringest us, the loved, the saved,  
Christ's vanguard, in the storm-wind's hand. (1)

George F. Williams gives us a grace or blessing which may

be sung to the tune "Monksong".

"O God, Father, God, whose mercies still abide,  
For all our needs thou dost in love provide,  
Graciously we thank thee, joyously we praise thee,  
Praise we thy love to serve thee all our days. (2)

Frances W. Willa is 1912 wrote a hymn of praise to the

God of all nature. The tune to which it is sung is "Benediction",

by Chesnut, 1880.

"All beautiful the march of days,  
As seasons come and go;  
The hand that shapes the rose hath wrought  
The crystal of the snow;  
Heb and the heavy front of heaven,  
The flowing waters sealed,  
And laid a silent loveliness  
On hill and wood and field.

O'er white expanses sparkling pure  
The radiant morning unfolds;  
The solemn splendours of the night  
Shine bright through the cold;  
Life pulses in every throbbing vein,  
Love beggars round the heart,  
And clearer sounds the angel hymn,  
'Good will to men on earth!'

- 
1. American Student Hymnal, No. 117
  2. American Student Hymnal No. 327

O thou from whose unfathomed law  
 The year in beauty flows,  
 Thyself the vision passing by  
 In crystal and in rose,  
 Day unto day doth utter speech,  
 And night to night proclaim,  
 In ever changing words of light,  
 The wonder of thy name. (1)

Sarah Josselyn Wilson in 1922 offered a patriotic  
 hymn which has been joined to the tune "All Hallows" by Martin.

"The land we love is calling  
 From plain and mountain height,  
 Her valiant sons and daughters  
 To lift her beacon light.  
 From coast to coast the answer  
 Comes ringing loud and free,  
 'America, America,  
 We bring our lives to Thee'.

The soul-starved mountain highlands,  
 The need of country side,  
 The city's creeping darkness  
 Where sin and fear abide,  
 Shall see the marching thousands  
 That come from far and near;  
 'America, America,  
 Thy pleading call we hear'.

O heralds of the morning,  
 Stand in your radiant might,  
 Splendid with faith triumphant,  
 Touched by the living light.  
 For faithful, loving service  
 Thy country calls to thee,  
 Till God's redeemed America  
 Thy shining crown shall be. (2)

By a glimpse into the noble works of such women of our  
 modern hymnody, we can foresee that humanity finds in them a  
 dynamic of the greatest value. Enthusiasm is kindled, interest  
 deepened, and decisions are intensified by them.

- 
1. American Student Hymnal, No. 48
  2. Ibid., No. 279



And that the whole nation  
The heart in every place  
The heart in every place  
The heart in every place  
The heart in every place  
The heart in every place  
The heart in every place  
The heart in every place

Barth Joseph Wilson is the author of the

book which has been placed at the head of the "All Nations" of the

"The heart in every place  
The heart in every place  
The heart in every place  
The heart in every place  
The heart in every place  
The heart in every place  
The heart in every place  
The heart in every place

The heart in every place  
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The heart in every place

By a chapter in the noble work of the author of the

book which has been placed at the head of the "All Nations" of the  
book which has been placed at the head of the "All Nations" of the  
book which has been placed at the head of the "All Nations" of the  
book which has been placed at the head of the "All Nations" of the

Our women in modern religious verse are offering a far reaching service to the soul of mankind. Plaintive and melancholy songs are avoided; and instead they sing songs of courage, cheer, and triumphant faith. Instead of stressing themes of heaven, they are singing more about the Kingdom here below, which is to transform earth into a heaven when the victories of Christ are complete. Instead of hymns of vague and dreamy sentimentality, they are singing hymns of character, service, brotherhood, Christian patriotism, and aggressive missionary spirit, and a practical Christian life.





## VII

## CONCLUSION

The study of women hymn writers and their contributions to the field of hymnology takes us through several centuries-- from rough, halting lines to smooth, easy rhythm. It is a long but delightful journey from such a hymnbook as Sternhold and Hopkins to the recent "American Student Hymnal" by H. Augustine Smith. If it is true that the heart makes the theologian, surely it is true that the heart makes the hymnologist.

In the early stages of our study there were many hymns which would be recognized as not yielding actual fruit in the shape of hymns which a modern editor would delight in adding to his hymnbook. However, there has been a great value in these productions, for they did serve to yield much by way of inspiration. They served to touch the hearts of the people, not because they wrote what expressed the common need of a congregation, but because they spoke in graceful form. Our most important women writers have been considered, beginning with the earliest contributions known. All of these will not live, but many of them deserve a great deal of merit and should be studied.

One cannot help but feel, in reading these hymns of our women writers, and in making a study of their lives and content of their hymn texts, that they are truly heart-songs, with a "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin".

The national classification has been made for the purpose of facilitating the material as reference, giving both leading





nations in hymnody their rightful places. We are as likely to undervalue the works of other nations, due to the lack of knowledge concerning them. By such a study as this, it has been found that for many of the hymns that live in our churches today, those which are most loved and used for public worship, we owe a great debt to our sister nations. In lauding the work of our own country, we cannot afford to lose sight of the invaluable contributions which Great Britain has given the world. It is most encouraging to feel the spirit of catholicity which has governed the selection of hymns for use in our Churches. From the wide scope for choice, there is stress placed upon those hymns of deep spirituality, excellent diction, sacred lyrical poetry, and faultless imagery in the hymns of both American and Great British origins.

As has been indicated thruout the thesis, there are hymns which are not being widely recognized, and some which are entirely unknown. Still they possess these essential qualities, and are characterized by gracefulness of style, fervor of faith, and fulness of spiritual life. It is to be hoped that with a knowledge that these hymns are in existence, and with a study of them, fresh interest may be aroused in their great value.

A very favorable future may be expected in this field as one makes a study of the modern religious verse and notes the great advancements in philosophy, psychology, and theology. A notable sign of the times is that alike in the most familiar and solemn moments of life, we draw nigh to God with the same words. Our morning and our evening hymns, our Christmas carols and our Easter anthems are one. In time of utmost need we turn





to the Saviour with the same cry:

"Just as I am without one plea".

In the "service of love, in the prayer of penitence,  
and in the sacrifice of praise", we are already one in Christ.  
Our goal is the same, our diverse ways converge as we draw  
nearer to God, with the prayerful hope that 'Thy Kingdom Come  
on Earth as it is in Heaven'.



to the world with the same eye:

"That on I am almost blind."

In the service of love, in the power of gentleness,

and in the sacrifice of passion, we are already one in Christ.

Our goal is the same, our altar with Christ as its base

remains the same, with the beautiful hope that our Kingdom come

on earth as it is in heaven.

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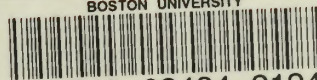
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